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IN THIS ISSUE

**MYSTIC MEG is
a WITCH!**

Let's BURN HER!!

TOP TIPS

& Letterbocks etc.



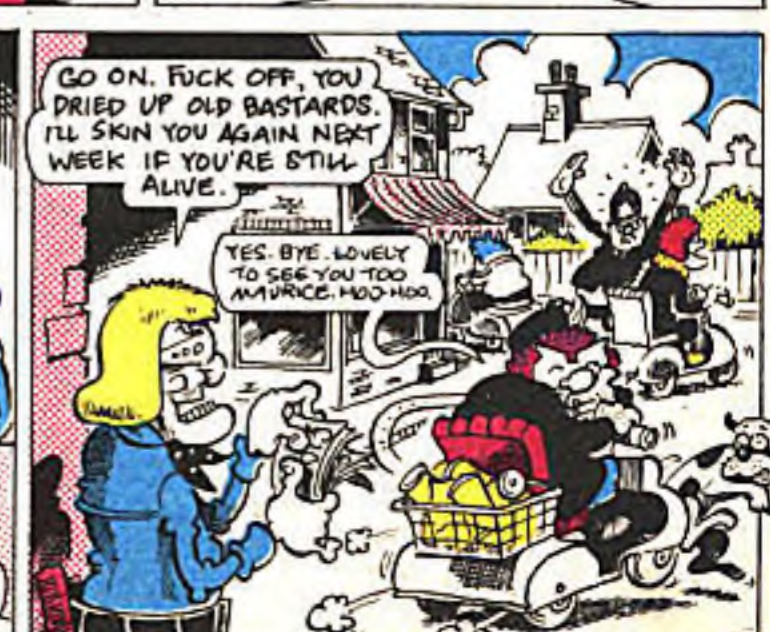
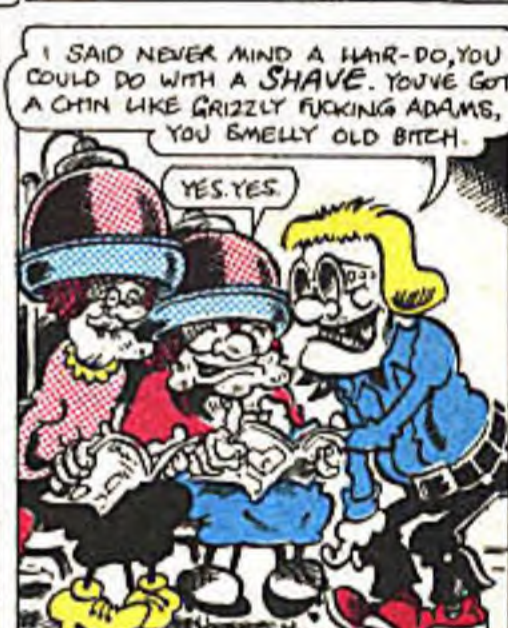
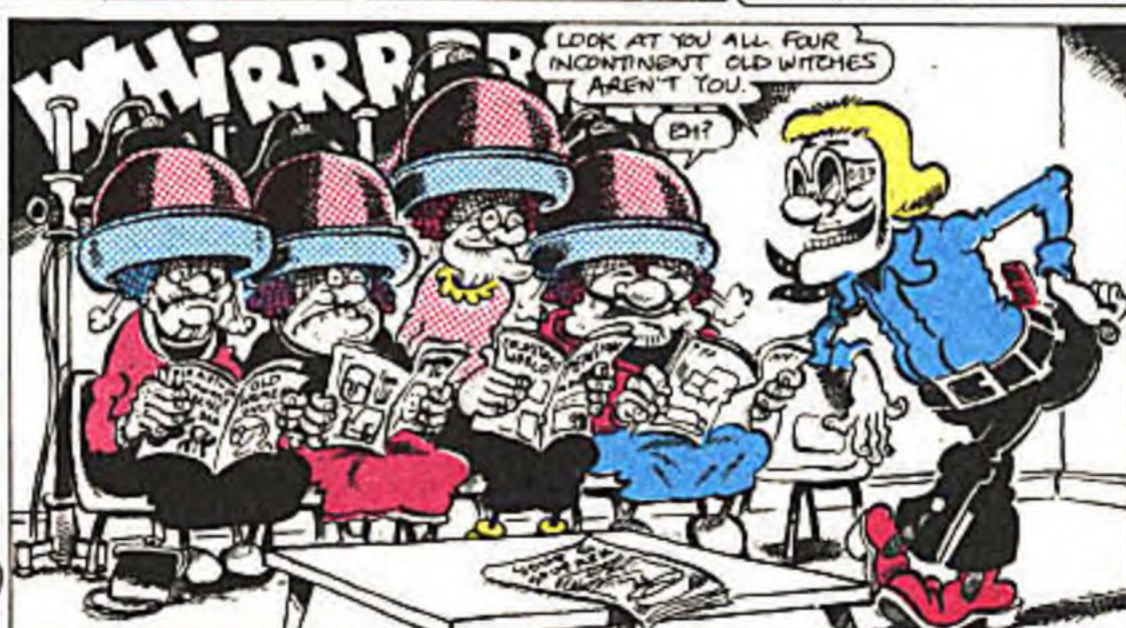
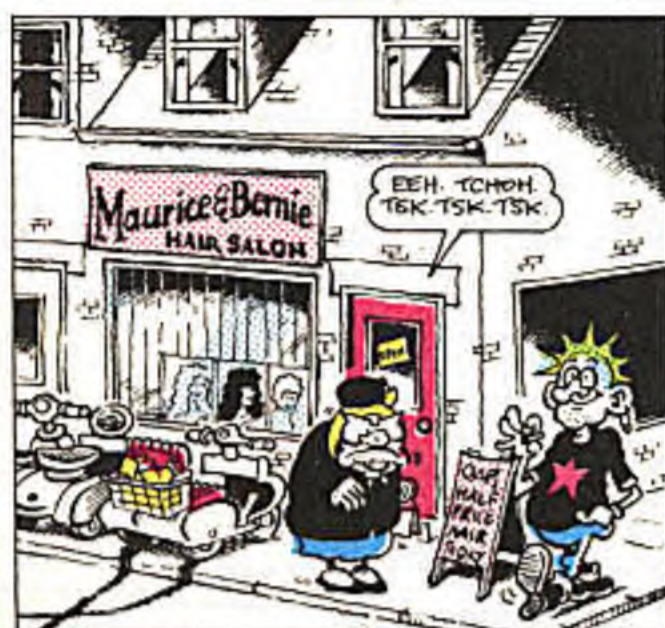
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**With LUVVIE DARLING DALEY STARR 'PC' PLOD
MRS BRADY OLD LADY FAT SLAGS MILLIE TANT
MODERN PARENTS SPOILT BASTARD and much more**

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Mrs. BRADY OLD LADY





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As usual the Publisher, who's in Fraahnce at the moment, cannot be held responsible for any failure by private advertisers to provide the goods or services offered. So "fack you", as he would no doubt say himself.

Hugo's sorry now!

Love cheat Guthrie comes crawling back to Tipton

SEX shame businessman and former councillor Hugo Guthrie yesterday returned home to Tipton, his tail between his legs, for showdown talks with his wife Vera in a desperate attempt to save their 32 year relationship.

It was the first time the couple have been seen together since it was revealed that 59 year old Guthrie watched adult movies at his hotel during an overnight business trip to Smethick. Guthrie's wife found his hotel bill while brushing her husband's jacket, and the £15 tell-tale charge for the use of the seedy cable TV channel was clearly itemised.

Joint

Guthrie had been in Smethick to discuss ambitious proposals for a joint Tipton and Smethick International Hot Air Balloon airport, to be built with Millenium funds. But his shameful misbehaviour casts serious doubts over future business plans, with Mrs Guthrie unlikely to allow him to stop out overnight again.

Spliff

Adverse publicity surrounding the affair has also jeopardised his wife's lucrative pyramid selling contract with soap manufacturers Glamway. Vera Guthrie had expected to earn up to £18 million over the next twelve months by recommending expensive household cleaning products to friends and neighbours.

Doobrie

Last night the strain was beginning to show on Vera's face as she left the house for a meeting with her area sales manager at the Tipton Welcome Break Hotel. Wearing a striped jacket, white shoes and carrying a patent leather handbag, she smiled briefly at neighbours before being whisked away on a number 25 bus.



£15 porn pic sex scandal entrepreneur Hugo Guthrie (above) looks uncomfortable as he faces questions about his Hot Air Balloon Airport yesterday. Meanwhile wife Vera leaves their Tipton semi (right) for 'clear-the-air' talks with her soap bosses.

Hugo left the house ten minutes later in his 'E' registration Ford Granada, returning shortly afterwards with some milk and a newspaper. Inside the house the shame faced entrepreneur went straight upstairs and spent several minutes sitting on the lavatory before going to the kitchen and making a cup of tea.

Camberwell carrot

Mrs Guthrie is believed to have spent last night at the Wolverhampton home of a close friend and confidante, her mother Mrs Agnes Wilkinson. According to Mrs Wilkinson her daughter is very upset, and has not yet decided what to do. However speculation about a possible divorce was rife yesterday following a delivery of garden furniture to the Guthrie's home, including a patio table and four chairs.



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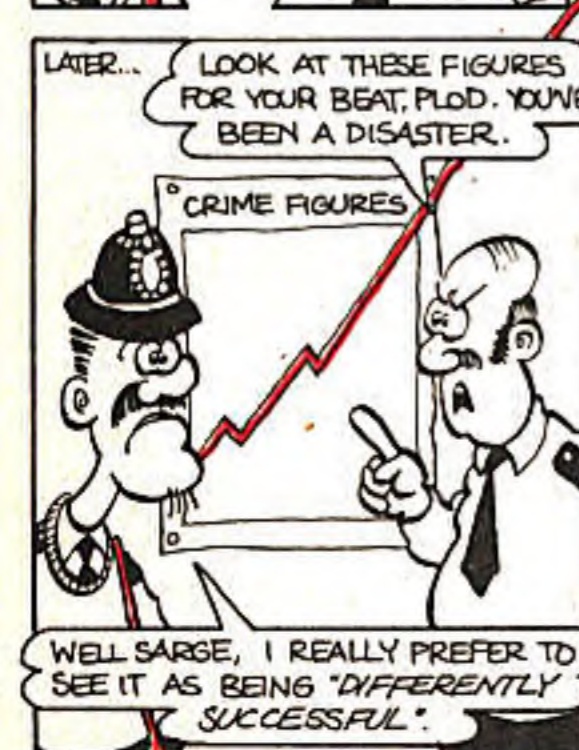
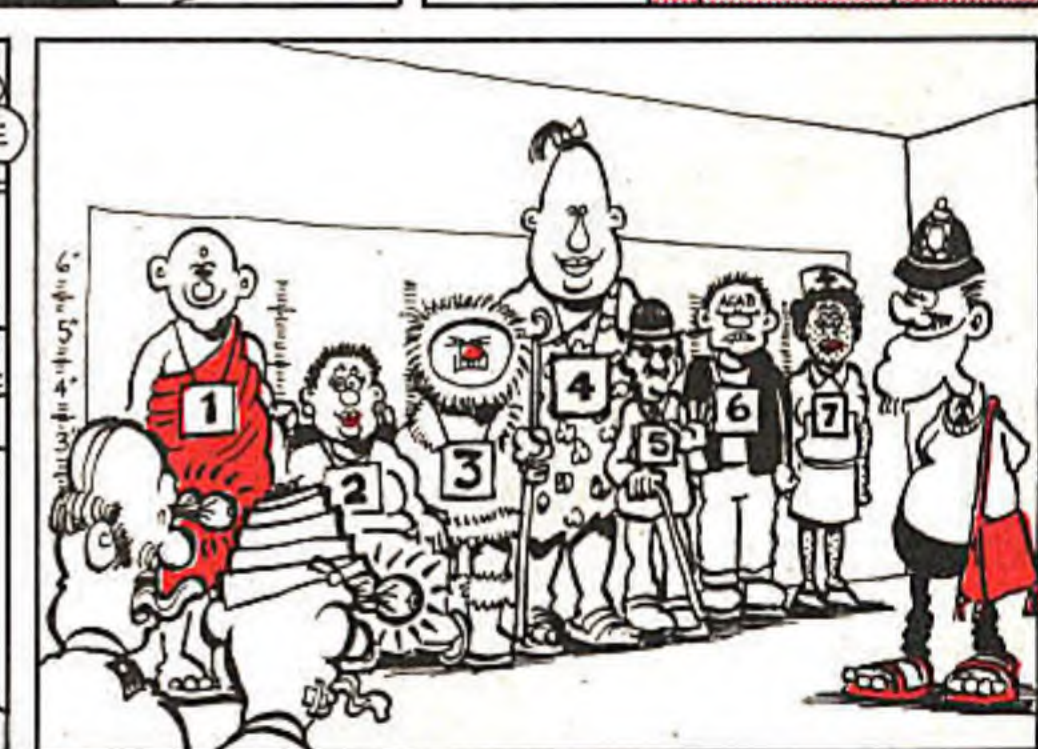
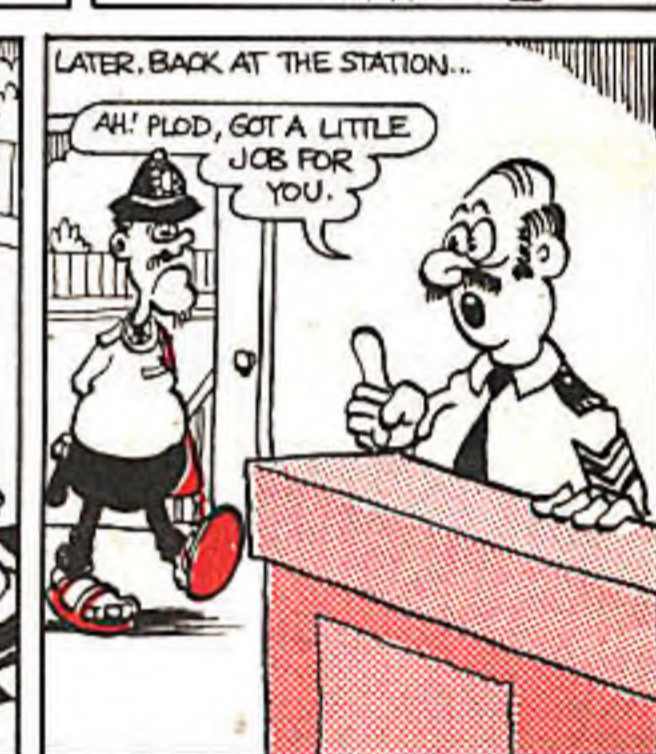
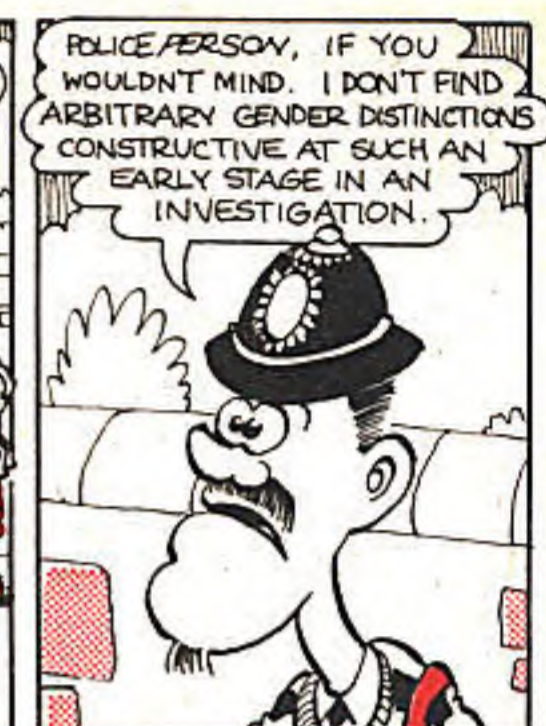
Numerous namechecks and limitless dedications

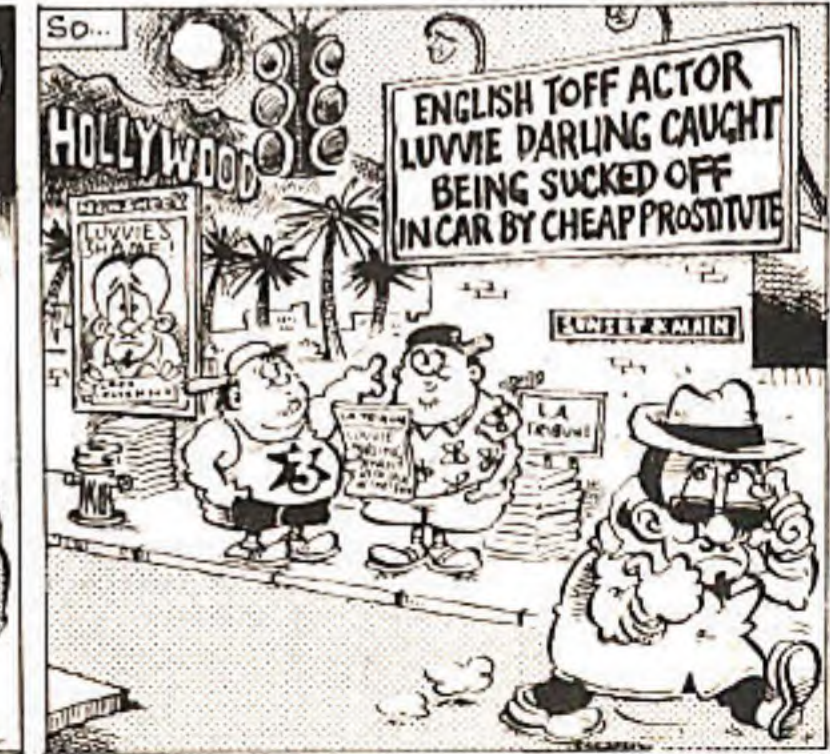
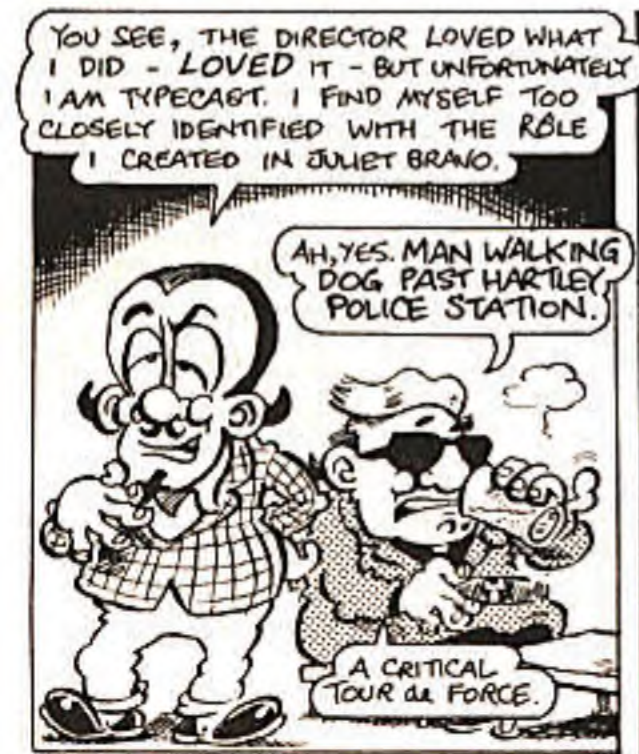
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NEW! PRESCRIPTION LENS -

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Letterbooks

Bright idea gives road rage red light

Imagine how many hospitals we could build with all the money we'd save by doing away with traffic lights. Just think of all the electricity they waste shining away when half the time no-one is even looking at them. Surely a simpler way to control traffic at junctions would be for motorists to take turns at having right of way. If you waited at one junction, then you'd have right of way at the next, etc. As well as saving money, this would also help create a more friendly, co-operative atmosphere among road users.

P. Limpet

Dresden Avenue, Coventry

People are always complaining about the staff at McDonald's being thick. Well of course we are. That's why we work at McDonalds, for fuck's sake, and not in hospitals doing brain surgery.

The staff

McDonalds, Oxford Street

In your article about the letter 'X' (issue 72) the phrase 'was was' was found in the text. To write was was was incorrect, whereas was, not was was, was not. Wasn't it.

Mr W. Displacement
Thermalhulme

Fight idea

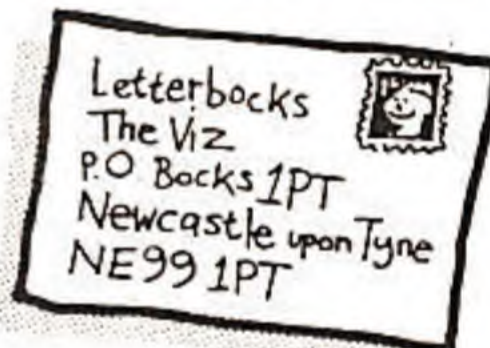
With so many fights taking place in pub car parks would it not be an idea to ban pubs from having car parks, especially as you are not supposed to drink and drive nowadays. The money saved could be used to build hospitals for orphans, guide dogs for the blind or walking sticks for the elderly.

V. Gray

Bedminster, Bristol

I'm fed up with moaning minnies who complain about all the repeats on TV. If they don't like them, why didn't they complain about them the first time they were on?

Alan Wingnut
Halfinch Dowel



Nick knack paddy whack

People are always telling me that my dog looks like Mother Theresa of Calcutta. I wonder whether any other readers have pets which resemble former Nobel Peace prize winners?

Neil Hargreaves
Blackburn



* Congratulations, Neil. There's a Letterbooks chewy pretend bone on its way to your dog. Does anyone else's pet have stars in its eyes? Send us a picture. There's a free hamster wheel or pet novelty of equivalent value for every picture we print.

No smoke without lung cancer

According to the so called 'experts' cigarette smoking causes cancer. Well who's to say that cigarette smoke doesn't actually kill the germ that causes lung cancer, and people who have it simply aren't smoking enough?

Tony Palin
Hale, Cheshire

LETTERBOCKS SWEARING PENS!

Have a letter published and you'll receive a unique self-swearing Letterbooks pen with a revolving rude rhyme on the barrel. Plus £5, or sometimes £10, depending how we feel.



Can any of your readers lend us a quid? We've held on two cherries and a bar, and Velma's got a canny feeling that the £100 jackpot's due on the next go. Unfortunately we're skint. If we win, we'll buy you a pint. Honest.

Rob, Max and Velma
147 Club, Narborough

Its always innocent victims and never drink drivers who get hurt in the TV advertisements for drink driving. So why don't all road users get pissed? That way surely no-one would get hurt.

Derek Chipboard
Haley Mills

* In view of the seriousness of the subject we don't find that in any way funny, Mr Chipboard. And we'll pay a tenner for the most outraged letter of complaint we receive.

Yates' whine lodged

I must complain in the strongest possible terms about the item in your issue 72 in which I was referred to as a yo-yo knickered tart, etc.

Paula Yates
London

Wigging for Wiggin

If any of your readers have the misfortune to bump into the notorious MP Sir Jerry Wiggin, please tell the cunt he'll wish he was Sebastian Coe if he ever has the bottle to turn up in Weston super Mare again. Not that its likely though I've lived here thirty years and have never seen the brown tongued fucker once.

Jeff Bates
Weston super Mare

Bear Facts

So now the do gooders have decided its cruel to keep dancing bears. Rubbish! Have these people ever seen a bear dance? I saw loads of them in Turkey last year and they absolutely loved every minute of it. They couldn't get out of their little cages fast enough to dance, and when they were finished they'd had such a good time they didn't want to get back in. In fact the man had to hit them with a stick before they eventually, reluctantly went back inside.

Mr A. Portion
Blame

Strummer holiday?

Doubtless readers will recall The Clash's lyrical dilemma, "Should I stay or should I go?" The answer is simple: "If I go there will be trouble; if I stay it will be double". Unless some pertinent information has been withheld, clearly the only viable option would be to go, i.e. to follow the course of action likely to result in the least amount of "trouble".

Marcus O'Neill
Ipswich University

Dear Ed
I feel very sorry for you half of these letters are a load of shit its the marraid men the wives fucking the mens head up.

By Paul OsBorne

P.S. A pen would be nice but £5. would be better.

I have used Camay soap for years to keep my skin young looking and now encourage my daughter to do the same. People often comment on how young I look and frequently have to ask which of us is the mother and which is the daughter.

Can your readers tell?
Laura Collins
Rotherhithe



Deathbeds a deathtrap

How often do we hear of people dying on their "deathbeds". My advice to anyone seeing one of these "deathbeds" is to stay well away and on no account get onto it.

Ronzo McRoberts
Belfast

Woodwork squeaks...

Well you may have the best copper in the world in Spender, a bloody good football team in Newcastle United, and excellent beer in dog, but when it comes to bad taste, the words "excellent", "good" and "best" fail by miles. Why simply 'Tragic Memories' Classic Collectables. "The Marc Bolan 1977 Mini 1275 GT". Those three earlier words describe Marc, long live his music. (Or will you not have the bottle to print that).

Yours in disgust
Steve Barrett
Grimsby



A tree similar to the one against which Marc Bolan cashed his chips.

Oink oink

How nice to see that our ex-colleague PC95FF "Grizzly" Taylor is still alive and well (Letterbocks, issue 72). He is in fact smaller than he appears in the picture you published. Throughout

his police service he wore 'height increasers' in his shoes to try and boost his vertical dimension. Incidentally, if you look closely you will also spot a tell tale hand placed on the tall gentleman's buttock.

PC Taylor's ex-colleagues
Fulham SW6

* Who said all coppers were bastards, eh? Come on then coppers. Are you all bastards? Write and tell us what you think. There's a tenner for the first copper who can prove he's not a bastard.

Illogical song

I refer to your correspondent Marcus O'Neill (Letterbocks, this issue). The sixties group Amen Corner found themselves in an equally illogical pop quandary when they sang: "If paradise is half as nice as heaven that you take me to, who needs paradise? I'd rather have you". Clearly if paradise is half as nice as heaven, then heaven is twice as nice as paradise, and the former is therefore patently preferable. It is as if to say: "My cup of tea is only half as nice as coffee. So shall I have tea, or coffee?". With retrospect I'm sure any surviving members of the group would agree that the conclusion here gainsays the premise.

Humbleton Hill
Bella Lugosi Blvd., Hull

* Come on all you surviving members of sixties group Amen Corner. Write and tell us what you think. There's a tenner for the first ex-member of Amen Corner who writes in. (When writing, in order to prove who you are, please name all six of your sixties hits.)

Dirty book

My book, The Slaughter King (ISBN 1 871592 60 7) is a farrago of depraved and shamelessly pornographic filth, and that it should be legally available in book shops is surely a symptom of a society in terminal decay. The lesbian scene with the lubricated foot on page 40 (nominated for The Literary Review's 'Bad Sex in Fiction' booby award) is perhaps the lowest point in this despicable piece of literature. I warn readers

that it, and other books like it, lie at the foot of the slippery slope of perversion onto which they have already stepped by buying this infantile "comic".

Simon Whitechapel
Creation Books
London EC1

Dirty animals

Having just read the 'Daily Spurt' page in your last issue we spotted a glaring inaccuracy in the 'Tortoise Cock' article. The male tortoise does not have a 'cock'. It has a cloaca; a combined urinary excretory sexual organ which looks rather like a ring-piece. The female also has a cloaca and during the act of copulation the two unite their cloaca by suction, rather like two bum-holes kissing each other. The male tortoise has a spiny covering as an extra device to prevent him falling off during copulation, which, a bit like this letter, can go on for days. So that scuttles your tortoise cock theory.

Robert Keegan & Alison
Grimshaw
Professor Emerituses
Institute of Reptilian
Research
Kilburn NW6

We're on the Internet!

Now you can use your computer to write to Letterbocks. Our e-mail address is: Letterbocks (E-mail department), P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne NE99 1PT. Mark your envelope 'INTERNET' in the top left hand corner, then post it in the usual way.

LETTERBOCKS continued MISSING HEADLINE IS SAFE AND WELL

A headline which went missing from the last issue of Viz has been found safe and well, only inches from the spot where it vanished two months ago.

Readers had expressed concern for the safety of the headline after it went missing from page 38. Printers were alerted after the headline failed to appear above an article about animal sex fantasies.

After a painstaking search the headline eventually turned up, safe and well, inside a computer close to the spot where it had last been seen.

The headline is printed in full below. You may wish to cut it out and glue it in place on page 38 of issue 72.

Horny gerbil gives hot bitch the eye

Rucksack off

Could the gentleman who took my rucksack off the train between York and Kings Cross last week please contact me personally so I can rip the bastard's head off and shit down his neck.

L/Cpl J. Gibson
BFPO 31

Road rage pensioners

As old people are free to go out in their cars, drive slowly and display a total ignorance of the Highway Code on any day they choose, I find it most irritating that they always elect to do so at weekends when us normal folk are out and about. So come on wrinklies. Why not sit yourselves down and have a nice cup of tea next weekend. And keep the fuck off the roads.

Amanda Drury
Redruth, Cornwall

I was interested to read your article about British girls flocking abroad to buy ice cream (issue 72). I should just like to point out that these bikini clad beauties don't have to spend all their money jetting out to Magaluf to get

their hands on a lolly. Here in the Parkgate area of Rotherham, South Yorkshire, there is a wide selection of ice creams available from my shop, Broad Street Newsagents. We also stock a wide range of chocolate confectionery.

P. Bingham
Broad Street News
Broad Street, Rotherham

Anybody who thinks that Viz is not as funny as it used to be should read 'The Big Hard One' which, quite frankly, is a pile of elephant wank.

Alan Holloway
Bristol

Dirty bastard

Actor Hugh Grant is innocent of any crime, and I should know, as I am a top lawyer.

It is alleged that Mr Grant paid a prostitute sixty dollars for 'oral sex'. The word oral means 'to do with speech'. Clearly the authorities in America are confusing Mr Grant's innocent behaviour with the lewd act of 'buccal sex', from the Latin bucca, meaning mouth.

Under the circumstances I suggest Mr Grant be given his money back, and all charges dropped. And his girlfriend, top model Liz Hurley, should stop

stomping around in a huff. After all, she's no better than a prostitute herself, wearing perfume and lipstick, like some sort of cheap slut.

George West-Sidestory
Q.C.
London



Jimmy Nail in
THAI dress.

Stone me

Sitting drinking a pint in my local the other day, I couldn't believe my eyes when in walked Ronnie Wood out of The Rolling Stones. I took the liberty of offering to buy



him a pint. Imagine my embarrassment when the barman pointed out that I am Mick Jagger, and it was my round anyway.

Mick Jagger
Somewhere like Surrey, probably

Comic Cuts

I'd love to see more spoofs of Dandy cartoons in Viz. How about a piss take of 'Bamboo Town', the popular strip which featured my favourite cartoon characters the 'Nigger Nazis'.

A. Reader
Fulchester

* Sorry Mr Reader. The 'Nigger Nazis' are the Copyright of D.C. Thomson who publish The Dandy and The Beano etc. For legal reasons we can no longer publish light hearted spoofs of any of their cartoons.

It wasn't us. Honest!

We're offering to send Viz Pardons to anyone who reckons they've been falsely imprisoned. And so far almost 200 lags have dropped us a line saying they didn't do it. We'll be posting the pardons soon.

But in the meantime we would urge the Home Office, Lord Longford or Ludovic Kennedy to urgently review the cases of the following prisoners:

Paul Easingwood, Hull. Mark Jones, Hewell Grange. K.D. Rawson, Armley. P. Cunningham, Kirkham. J. Wilson, The Mount. T.M. Pearson, Highdown. Paz & Mickey, Blakenhurst. KM0431 Taylor, Everthorpe. D. Lake, Cardiff. L. Gibbs, Feltham. Sue Eastwood, A. Cunningham, L. Hartley, Nicola Quinn, Sue Stephenson, Janine Gordon, all Askham Grange. Jamie Caldwell, Glenochil. M. Gales, Ayelsbury. P.A. Yates, Risley. J. Heron, G. Stewart, J. McGuire, all The Dana. D. Smith, Stafford. M.E. Scragg, Hornby Road. Pete 'Mac' McGrath, Highpoint. KN3784 R.S. Craig. Martyn Ellis, Armley. J. Le Mercier, Reading. Mark Little, Leicester. S. Pendleton-Clarke, Leicester. John Michael Corbett & Mark Shaw, Low Newton. F. McGee, Winsor Green. Chris Howard, Perth. R. Davies, Leicester. James Valentine-Slater, Torquay. James Scott Webster Monro, Perth. Keith Mitchell, Lindholme. Russ Garth, Lancaster. Wayne Mottram, Buckley Hall. P.L. Scott, Northallerton. D.J. Sands, Feltham. M.F. Evison, Isle of Man. Gary Burns, Norwich. Steven Murray, J. Thorp, both Preston. Dermot Donovan, Winchester. A.R. Tallet, Winsor Green. R. Sale, Lincoln. 'Fingers' Oughton, Pentonville. R. Shearer, Falkirk. Dean J. Burford, Portland. John Tait, The Dana. GV3273 Main, Wetherby. LA3358 Whatmough, Feltham. J. Mills, Goldingley. S.J. Chadwick, Risley. Andy Donoghue, Acklington. P. Ryan, Pentonville. MF0588 Ruprai, Winsor Green. 'Little Smithy' A. Smith, Winsor Green. Rupert John Paul Tarpey, Haverigg. W. Chennery, Portland. Terry Smith, Ford. Anthony Manlow, Woodhill. John Blackstock, Exeter. BV3425 Jones, Onley. 'Blandy', Glen Parva. Malcolm Gammage, Armley. 'Fats' Thomas, Bristol. 1135 Quinn, Albany. Dale Hawkins, Portland. S. Lavis, Armley. Danny Petcher, Wetherby. Toney Cooney, Everthorpe. Mark Best, Bill Housden, both Pentonville. Biz Ford, Acklington. James Innes, Perth. LV3933 Hanlon, Richard Smith, both Elmley. J. Thornton, Risley. Craig Hutchinson, St Loyes. Mr M. Rai, Leicester. Richard Christie, Lorrigen. Andrew Lanigan, Pentonville. D.O'Brien, Wandsworth. RH1854 Holmes, Andrew Harding, John Glendower, Michael Davies, Michael Hart, all Holme House. Allan Hannah, Polmont. Robert Woodhouse, Albany. Pete 'Duke' Durose, The Dana. Glenn Pope, Bullingdon. Shane 'Kapo' Holt, Ranby. Dylan 'the villain' Beach, Winsor Green. David Jim Morrison, Northallerton. N.A. McCabe, Wessex House. N. Spencer, Deal House. JE1674 Morris, Leicester. John Daly, Scott Kilminster, both Perth. Gary Midmore, Wayland. Ian Owen, Blakenhurst. ET1087 Southwell, Paul Hutchings, both

PRISON



PARDONS

Highdown. P.G. Suttling, Chelmsford. Geoff Stewart, Magilligan. Jason Burns, Lewes. Kev Kindred, Mount. G. Bostock, Risley. Mick Bascombe, Ashwell. Gary Mount, Wormwood Scrubs. C. Kelly, Hatfield. C.J. Koshugi, Lewes. Michael Fleming, Portland. D. Corbyn, Wayland. G. Byrne, Wormwood Scrubs. Jason Happe, Brixton. John Wilkinson, Strangeways. Simon James Ricketts, Winchester. Fred 'The Head' Hornby, Liverpool. Michael Turley, GX1098 Statham, both Glen Parva. S. Montgomery, Morton Hall. Stevie White, Perth. Nigel Atkinson, Preston. DL0204 Davis, GV2569 Brown & FN1472 Gresty, all Lindholme. RH1581 Davey, Acklington. Dean Fearon, Stafford. Jason Roberts, Strangeways. John Bond, Bavo Bavister, both Glen Parva. Peter Phillips, Elmley. J.M.C. Cross, Chelmsford. H.F.2829 Haggerty, St Loyes. Colin Homewood, Woodhill. Chris Pearce, Finnermore Wood. P. Spence, 'Dobbo' Dobson, Mr Matty, all Hewell Grange. J. Vosper, Cambria Hse. EG3621 McKeown, Brinsford. Chris Yates, Glen Parva. Patrick White, Downview. Graham Mynott, Marlin Finnerly, both Woodhill. Paul Willmore, Finnermore Wood. Alan Hutton, Barlinie. Matty Crombie, Anglia House. Damien McWilliam, Longrigg. R.J. Bousfield, HT1204 Sadler, both Brockhill. Stel Lewington, Oxford. Danny Hanlon, Huntercombe. S.F. Smith, Durham. Simon 'D' Lay, Ashwell. S.P. Hadley, Everthorpe. Stephen Farrow, Brixton and his mum Mrs Anne Redwood, Holloway. Nadeem Alzal, Walton. John Fleming, Everthorpe. John Nolan, Matthew Bolger, both Dublin. Derek Strachan, Winchester. Steve Duell, Winsor Green. Mark Peters, Acklington. Chris Taylor, Holloway. W. Simpson, Lindholme. John Fleming, Everthorpe. 'Dodge' Denley, Acklington. J. McConnell, Greenock. Leon Waller, Wandsworth. Dave Roberts, Sudbury. G. Creighton, Walton. Adam Fury, Cardiff. John Freeman, Doncaster. Stuart Ogden, Liverpool. G. Scaife, Glen Parva. Bill Burton and Nigel Gatward, Manila, Philippines. Finally a mention for DL0208 Johnson, in Armley, who says he did do it.

Advertisement

Our Twelve People Pledge

At British Gas we care about our customers.

When you phone us with a problem, we promise you won't be transferred from department to department and made to repeat your entire story over and over again any more than twelve times. If you are, we'll put you through to someone else who will apologise.

And that's a promise.

British Gas

Our profit's at Your expense



TOP TIP

TAKE a selection of your old vinyl records along with you next time you go to an overpriced pizza restaurant. Take examples of a '45' single, an old '78' and a '33' long playing album, and use them to demonstrate to the idiot waiter exactly what size pizza you require. When it arrives, check it against your record to make sure its the right size.

M. Hepworth
Halifax

MAKE people in the pub think you're a doctor by carrying a small leather bag and not laughing at the words 'penis', 'clitoris' or 'scrotum'.

P.C.
Leicester

FOOTBALL managers. As teams invariably play better when 'reduced to ten men', why not start the match with only five players. This way, if your team plays crap you can change the whole lot of them, and still have your substitutes on the bench.

Dave Lee
Dorset

SAFELY dispose of old neon lighting tubes by inserting them carefully into a dead snake.

M. Chivers
London

Send your Top Tips to our Letterbooks address. For each one we publish we'll give you a Top Tips pen, plus £5 cash for you to spend on trinkets and fire water.

MAKE the man in the off license think you're a doctor by going in early every morning carrying your small leather bag and buying a large bottle of gin.

P.C.
Leicester

FARMERS. Rid your land of 'New Age Travellers' by burning down the village Post Office. If they can't cash their giros, they'll soon move on.

S. Hanna
Norris Green, Liverpool

MAKE your neighbours think you're a doctor by leaving the house in the middle of the night carrying a small leather bag, then returning home half an hour later. Repeat this action up to six times every night.

P.C.
Leicester

SMOKERS. Take the effort out of stubbing out cigarettes by placing a used, damp tea bag at the bottom of your ashtray.

Chris Douglass
Stafford

OLD FOLKS. Stay warm and safe this winter by wrapping yourselves in aluminium foil. Not only will this conserve vital body heat, but it will also make you look a bit like 'Robocop', thus going some way towards deterring would be burglars.

S. Holmes
York

BLIND people. Avoid getting dog shit on the end of your white stick by rolling a condom over the end. After a walk unroll the dirty condom and throw it in the bin.

Gary 'Carpet' Axminster
Bristol

MAKE 'chocolate flavour' toothpaste by eating a Mars bar whilst washing your teeth.

Adam Creen
Newbury

A STRIP of black cardboard about two inches wide, worn over the eyes, makes a perfect disguise for Lottery or Pools winners wishing to conceal their identity.

Mark Anderson
West Hampstead

PRACTISE being a paramedic by standing on the top deck of a bus, holding old ladies hands and telling them "everything's going to be alright".

J. Edwards
Staffordshire

TRAIN travellers. A simple box of Black Magic chocolates makes a convincing substitute for those who cannot afford the latest 'lap top' computer. Open it on the table in front of you, and pretend to 'type' an important business memo on the chocolates, whilst looking studiously at the inside of the lid. If you feel peckish, simply eat one of your 'keys'.

B.O.
Norwich

DISCARDED cigarette butts make economical and efficient ear plugs, and also reduce the levels of nicotine entering your ears as a result of passive smoking.

Simon Handley
Edinburgh

FELLAS. Missus driving you up the wall? Make two pin pricks in your neck, then kill her with a mallet and a sharp piece of wood. Instead of arresting you, the cops will congratulate you for killing a vampire.

D. J. Bowen
Cardiff

FREE BACK ISSUE & SAVE AN
INCREDIBLE 90p IF YOU

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Sally the Viz Subscription girl has gone even more crackers than usual! She's literally giving away a FREE back issue, worth a whole pound, to all new Viz subscribers as well as offering 1 year's subscription at the old price of £7.50 - a whole 90p off! It's the greatest Subscription giveaway campaign in publishing history, and it's costing us a fortune. But we don't care, just as long as you, the readers, are happy. Simply order a year's subscription using this form, and your free back issue, chosen at random from issues 39 to 59, will be sent along with your first issue of the subscription.

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Right. Now onto the painful subject of money. How are you going to pay? Tick one box only:

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order for £..... crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Live for today, that's my motto. Please debit my Access/ Visa/ Master- card/Eurocard/American Express/Diners Club/ Connect Card/Kidney Donor Card, cos it's not the same as real money.

Card No. Expiry date.....

Send this completed form (together with your cheque/PO if applicable) to Sally the imaginary Viz Subs girl, FREEPOST (SW6096), Frome, Somerset, BA11 1YA. The postage is on us, if posted in the UK. Generous or what?

Credit card orders can be made on our telephone hotline (01373) 451 777. (We regret this facility is not available to people with beige trimphones). Extra copies of each issue (sent to the same address) cost an additional £6.00 (UK) and £7.00 (Overseas). Please quote S402 when phoning orders through.

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So what if your grandad stole a loaf of bread. We've forgiven you and just to prove it, here's a great subscription offer for you our friends in the colonies. The price for 6 issues is only \$21.00 plus a FREE back issue if you subscribe now!

Please send to: Viz Subscriptions, 5 Eureka Court, 9 Palm Avenue, Bribie Island, QLD 4507, Australia. Please make cheques payable to Fortean Times.



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A WORD FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT

Hello. I'm your local newsagent. If you're thinking of subscribing to Viz, please think twice before sending them your money. If you subscribe, I lose your business, and I have a family and a mortgage to worry about. I'll end up having to stock horrible bargain brand packets of biscuits, and devote even more of my shop space to racks and racks of greeting cards which cost fuck all to print, but sell for £1.50, most of which goes straight into my pocket.

S402

Richard registers number 1,000,000!

SAVE money on expensive personalised car number plates by simply changing your name to match your existing plate.

Mr KVL 741Y
Lincoln

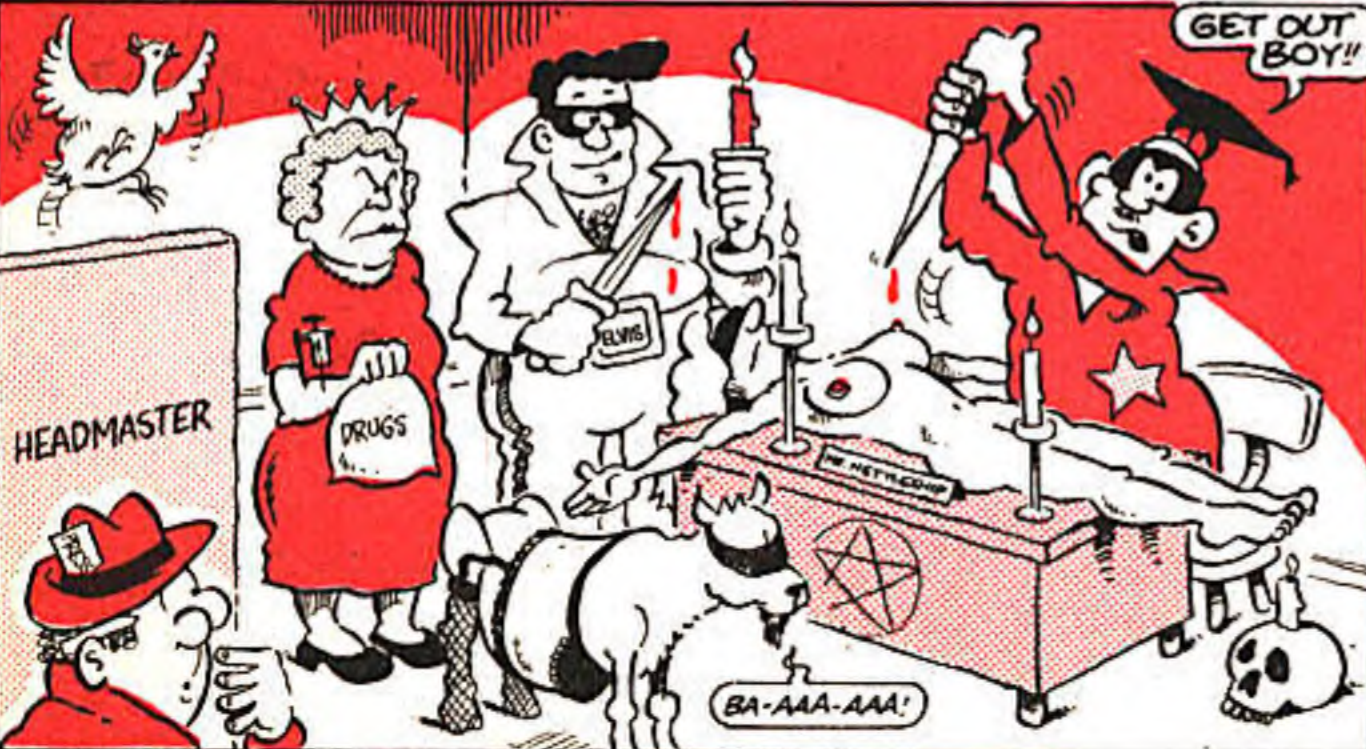
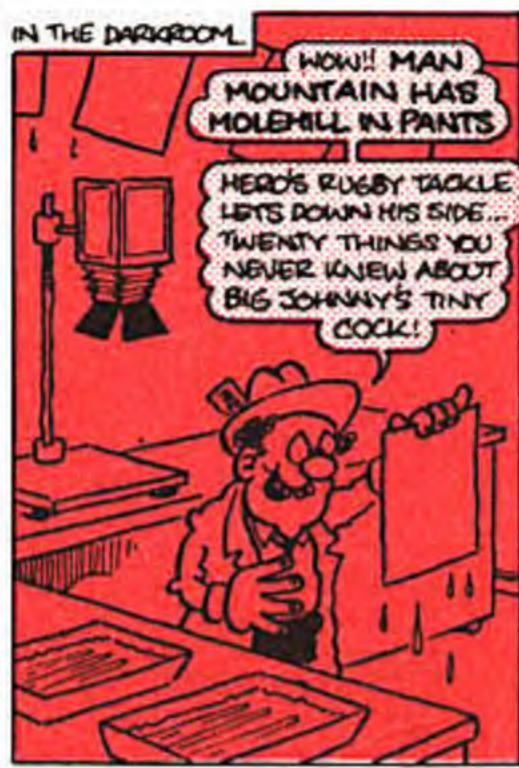
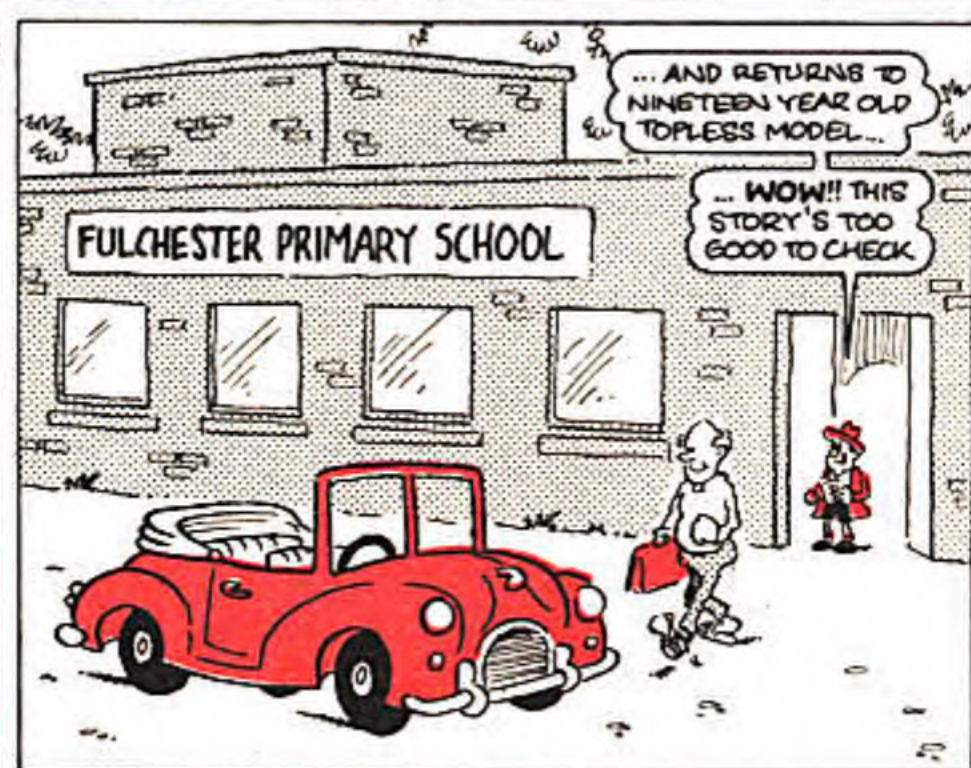
Congratulations to Richard Faloon of Halesowen, West Midlands, who this week became the millionth reader to send us this popular Top Tip about personalised car registration numbers.

The original version appeared in Viz issue 33 at Christmas 1988. Ground breaking radio comic Victor Lewis-Smith took it under his wing and it was broadcast on his Radio One show the following year. Since then a non stop stream of readers and radio listeners have continued to bombard our Letterbooks with versions of the same Tip, and recently it achieved even greater fame when controversial telly car slob Jeremy Clarkson quoted the much travelled Tip in his national newspaper column.

Mr Faloon receives a Top Tips pen and a framed version of the original Tip to commemorate the occasion.

DALEY STARR

THE No.1 SCHOOLBOY REPORTER



Going out with a bang

A BIRMINGHAM man is set to become Britain's first human firework. Ernest Greaves has paid a Tokyo company over £12,000 to book a 'firework funeral'.

Pyrotechnic

Pyrotechnic cremations are big business in Japan, with over half the population choosing to be publicly ignited in favour of a conventional burial or cremation. Undertakers pack their bodies with an array of sophisticated display explosives, and they are then mounted on a wooden frame.

Unioversity

It is traditional for the deceased's next of kin to light the blue touch paper whilst sombre mourners stand back a minimum of 25 metres to watch the display in safety.

Colliage

But the spectacular send offs may not catch on in Britain. For vicars are unlikely to allow dead people to be set on fire inside their church yards, especially if it is costing crematoriums business. Mr Greaves, who is 85, plans to be set off on waste land opposite his home.

Shark eats Kershaw

Pop singer Nick Kershaw has been eaten by a shark off the Yorkshire coast. The giant shark is reported to have leapt out of the water and attacked Kershaw while he was paddling only feet away from the beach at Bridlington.

Muriel

Fellow singer Howard Jones who had been building sandcastles with Kershaw only moments earlier looked on in horror as his friend was bitten in half by the giant shark. A spokesman for Bridlington Council warned other eighties pop stars to stay away from the town's beaches.

"These sharks are a menace", he said.

Falling star catches falling 'Falling Star' star - on back of head

Coma Como! Perry 'very' poorly

VETERAN American singer Perry Como was in a coma last night after a bizarre accident at his California home.

Como, 68, was hit on the head by a falling star during a barbecue in the back garden of his Beverly Hills home. He was knocked to the ground by the impact of the blow and was rushed to Hollywood General hospital's Accident and Emergency department. Still unconscious, he was later transferred to the Special Head Injuries unit where his condition is described as 'very poorly'.

Como

According to eye witnesses Como had been attempting to catch the star and put it in his pocket when the accident happened. Actor Alan Hale, star of the TV series 'Casey Jones', was among guests at the barbecue.

"Perry had been cooking burgers and telling jokes. He was in high spirits. Then he decided he was



going to catch this falling star and put it in his pocket. As it came down he ran across the lawn to get underneath it, but as he raised his hands he lost his footing and stumbled forwards. As he fell the star came down and hit him on the back of the head, knocking him out cold".

Cuphill gardener

The star, which had fallen out of space and was trav-

elling at the speed of light, was larger than the Sun and had been burning at a temperature of 80,000 degrees centigrade. "It looked like a straightforward catch until Perry stumbled. There was a thud when it hit him, but people were laughing. They thought he was just fooling around. It was only when they saw him lying there completely still they began to realise he



Very poorly Perry (above) and a shooting star in space (left) similar to the one which landed on his head yesterday.

was hurt bad. I think it was James Dury out of 'The Virginian' who called the ambulance."

Cirt lifter

Fellow singers Andy Williams, Johnny Mathis and Neil Diamond were with Como at his bedside last night. Doctors say his condition is now stable, but it is too early to say whether or not he will make a full recovery.

Song come true - everybody knows one

Perry Como's bizarre accident is yet another example of songs 'come true' for the singers that sunged them.

A similar pop coincidence involving Sting took place in 1979. Only days after writing 'Message In A Bottle' he rang his father who was a milkman. In passing Sting mentioned the name of his new song. His face fell silent as his father told him what had happened that morning. While delivering milk he had received a message from a customer. The hand written note had been rolled up... and carefully placed inside a milk bottle.

Cuff

In 1993 singer Olivia Newton-John was visiting her family home in Australia. While driving on her scooter from Sydney airport to her

By our Musical Coincidence Correspondent Kate Bush

home town of Hobart, Olivia was diverted because of road works. The diversion took her onto several minor country roads. By the time she eventually pulled up outside the Newton-John family home in Hobart the singer's face was numb with disbelief. For twenty years earlier, almost to the minute, she had reached number 15 in the charts. And the name of her hit single? 'Take Me Home Country Roads'.



Sting - stung by 'message in bottle' shock



Newton-John - 'Country roads' bombshell

Not puff singer Sir Cliff Richard believes in God. And well he might. For it could only have been an act of God that brought about surely the most bizarre pop song title coincidence of all. Bachelor boy Cliff had decided to go for a summer holiday at the home of his American friend Carrie Fisher. But unknown to him his Star Wars actress pal had moved. The door was opened by a stranger

who told Cliff "Carrie doesn't live here anymore". Cliff was stunned. Fortunately for the Peter Pan of pop Carrie had left a forwarding address. "She has moved to an apartment on the corner of two streets in New York, both of which have unlikely names", Cliff was told. "You can't miss it. She lives right on the corner of Mistletoe and Wine".

Legal Queries

The MAN in the PUB



Every week the Man in the Pub gives advice on matters of law

Dear Man in the Pub
Our neighbour has recently built a new fence around his back garden. But its about six inches further into my garden than it used to be. Is there anything I can do to have it moved?

Pam Jones
Newport

If this fella's built his new fence in your garden, then its not his fence, is it? It's **yours**. And possession is nine tenths of the law, that's what they say. You wanna pull it down and burn it, mate. Then build a new one a few feet into his garden, an' see how he likes it. Then send 'im the bill.

Dear Man in the Pub
I was driving home from the pub when I hit this car that had been badly parked in the street. It wasn't my fault. Any rate, out come the owner an' he starts effin' an' blindin' an' calls the police. Now I'm getting done for drink driving, and driving without insurance. It's a bleedin' liberty. I'd hardly touched a drop.

J. Evans
Glossop

Did you know they can't do you for drink driving - and this is **true** this is - if the copper isn't wearin' his hat. That's a fact. Mate of mine got done for drink drivin' an' the copper didn't

per up the arse. Mind you, they were tresspassin' weren't they. That's a criminal offence that is.

Dear Man in the Pub
A teenager neighbour has been climbing into our garden and stealing apples. When I approached him he swore at me. I've complained to his parents, but they've done nothing to stop him. What can I do?

Mr George Kibble
Preston

That's tresspassin' and grand theft that is! That's a civil offence. And I'll tell you what. If anyone else heard him swear at you, that's **slander** that is. So long as you've got two witnesses you can sue him. That's what that George Michael done. Won a bleedin' fortune. I'd shoot the buggar up the arse with an air rifle, me. That bloke out of The Goons, Harry Secombe, that's what he done. Shot someone right up the arse, he did. Or was it a cat? Anyway, cos its self defence, in'it. Singer out of Mud, Les wotsit. He done it too. You know Elvis. He carried a gun on stage. Had to. Top man in the CIA, he was. No, straight up! Secret agent he was. That's true, that is. Mate o'mine told me. Did you know that according to the law you still have to practice archery in your garden on Friday afternoons. That's true that is. An' if you don't, they can hang you for it. Yeah! Hang you. Imagine that eh? Oh, cheers! I'll have a pint.

Please note: The Man in the Pub is not a lawyer, although he does know someone who's brother is. Any advice given is for general guidance only and is not intended as an accurate interpretation of law.

Today's WEATHER in the STARS



with GYPSY PEG

ARIES

A dull and cloudy start to the day, with some scattered showers. Possible sunny intervals later on in the South.

LIBRA

Look out for strong North Westerly winds gusting to 80 miles per hour at times. A warning Librans - some minor structural damage may result.

TAURUS

Better news for Taureans. Dry, hot and very sunny throughout the day, with temperatures around 29 Celsius. Cooler in the East.

SCORPIO

Mist and drizzle will continue throughout the day. Temperature high a miserable 7 Celsius. A rather disappointing day for Scorpios.

GEMINI

Heavy rain persisting for most of the day with a chance of thunder storms by nightfall. York Geminis - beware of flooding.

SAGITTARIUS

Sunshine all day, with a maximum temp. 32 Celsius. A real scorcher for Sagittarians - have your sunglasses at the ready.

CANCER

Windy with some showers arriving from the West. Not the best of days for any Cancerians planning to watch the cricket over at Old Trafford.

CAPRICORN

Heavy rain showers will spread from the West reaching most parts by mid afternoon. Be on the safe side Capricorns - bring a brolly.

LEO

Heavy rain showers turning to snow on higher ground, with heavy drifts in the more exposed areas. Leos - a good day to stay at home.

AQUARIUS

A bitterly cold day with temperatures remaining below freezing in most parts of the country. Look out for icy patches on the roads.

VIRGO

Sunny start to the day but temperatures remaining rather cool. Temperature wise ranging from 17 Celsius in the South, to around 5 up in the North.

PISCES

After a sunny start most areas will cloud over by noon. Temperatures staying low at around 18 Celsius. But a dry day for Piscians none the less.

My Long Range Forecasts: ALICE FROM STOKE - CHANGE THE BARBECUE TO SUNDAY. HAROLD OF PUTNEY - TAKE YOUR UMBRELLA TO WORK NEXT WEDNESDAY. DORIS OF HULL - MESSAGE FROM JACK - 'BRING THE WASHING IN RIGHT AWAY'

The SIMON SALAD-CREAM Story



Part Five
WELCOME
ABOARD
ONE FM!

SHORTLY AFTER FINDING GOD, SIMON GETS THE CALL HE'S BEEN DREAMING OF...



LATER, AT RADIO ONE RECEPTION...



BUT IT'S SIMON'S SLIGHTLY NAUSEATING VOICE THAT'S SOON MAKING AN IMPACT ON THE AIRWAVES...



BUT NOT EVERYONE AT RADIO ONE IS HAPPY ABOUT THE NEW ARRIVAL...

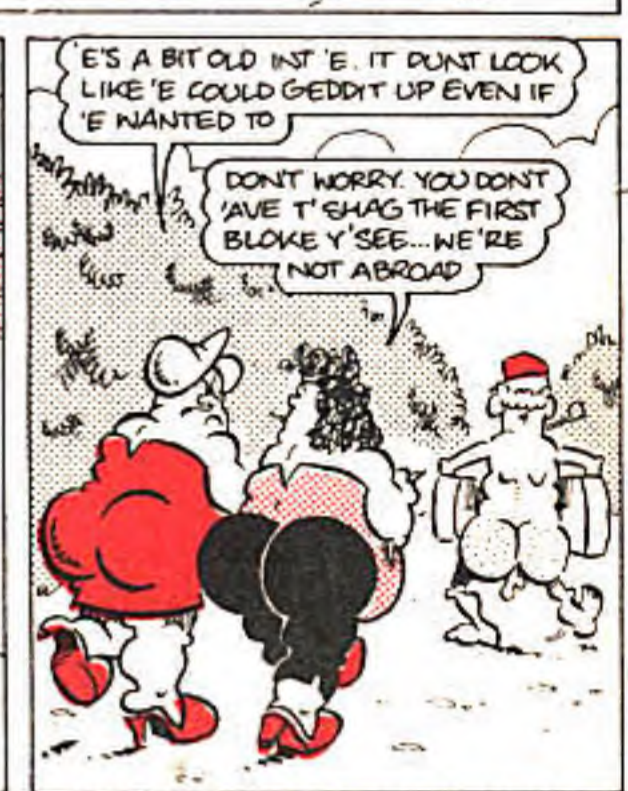
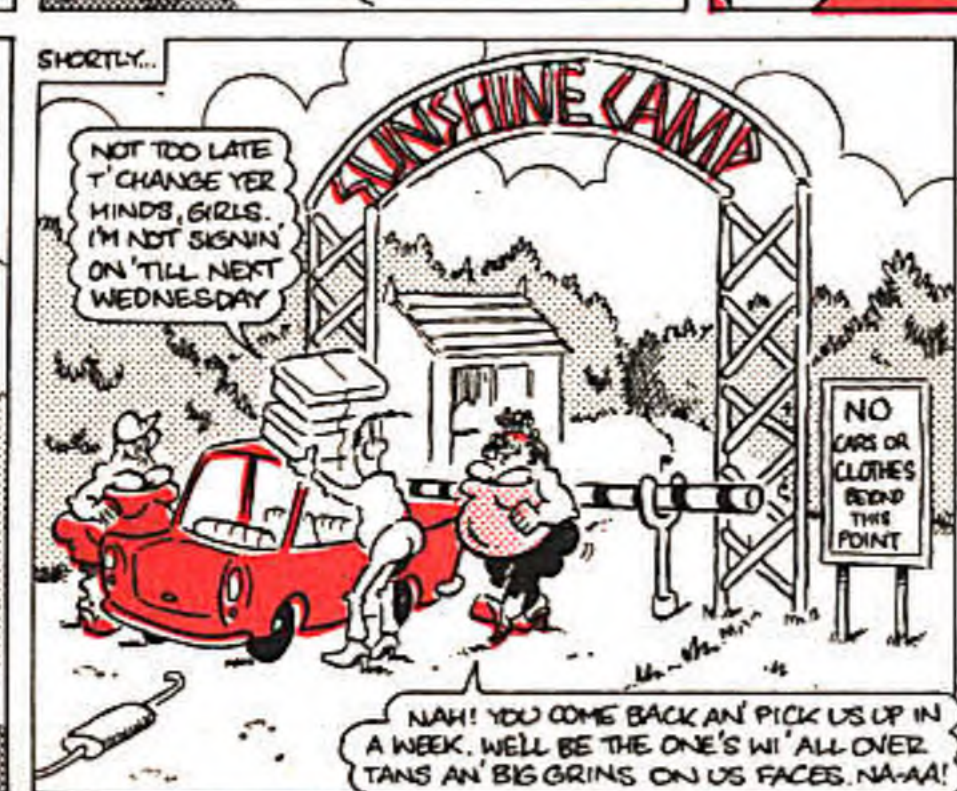
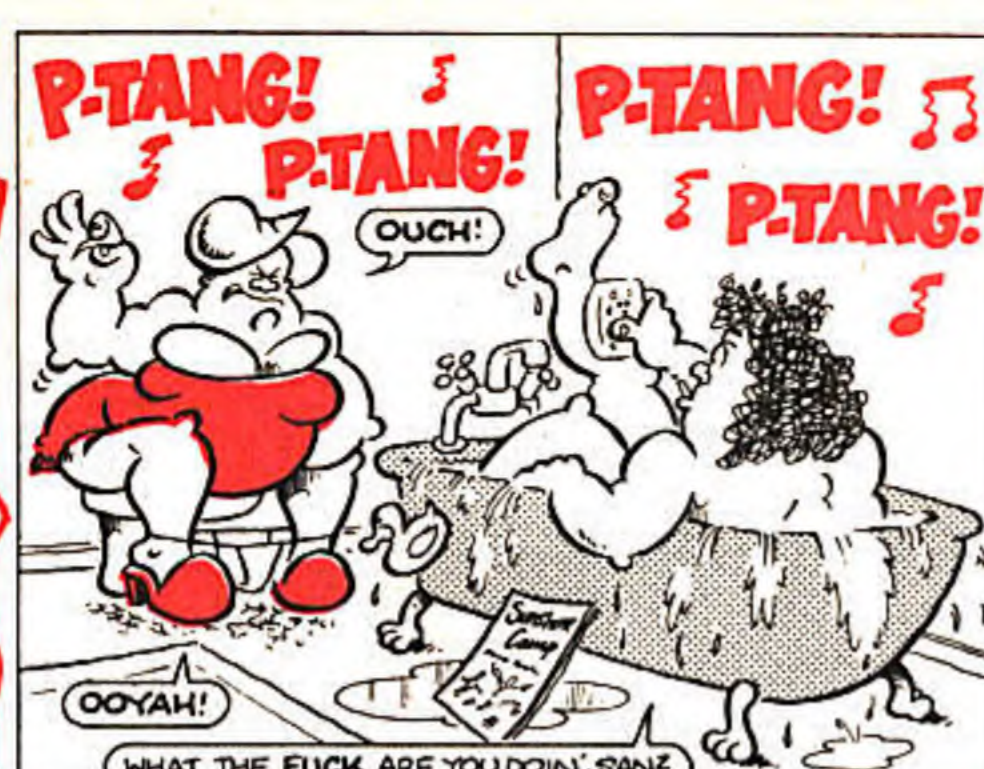


SUDDENLY...



WILL SIMON SURVIVE THE RADIO ONE REVOLUTION? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT EPISODE.

OH, LORDY.....IT'S THE FAT SLAGS



BUT...

EEH! MORE FUCKIN' FOGIES! WHERE'S ALL THE YOUNG COCK?

THEY'VE GOT T'BE AROUND SOMEWHERE. C'MON...

LATER... WELL... I RECKON THE YOUNGEST BLOKE WE SAW WAS 'IM ON THAT PUSHBIKE. AN' HE MUST 'AVE BIN SIXTY FIVE

AGE ... BUT WORRA COCK ON 'IM. IT W' NEARLY GEDDIN' CAUGHT IN THE SPOKES



HEY... I DON'T FCKE OWT OVER SIXTY, BAN, BIG COCK OR NO BIG COCK... I'VE GOT ME STANDARDS

AYE!

INSIDE...

SHOP!

MENU

MEAT + 2 VEG	£1
RATERS	£1
MELONS (PAIR)	£1
BANANAS	£1
2 FILMS	£1
CUCUMBERS	£1
BIG HANDY NUTS (GOLD)	£1

I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

WELL, NOW...
Y' CAN FUCK
US BOTH F'
STARTERS,
LOVER...

AYE... THEN WE'LL
SEE WOT WE CAN
GOBBLE UP
F' MAIN
COURSE.

ER... WELL... I'D
LOVE TO GIRLS... BUT...

...I'M AFRAID I'M OUT OF ACTION. I WAS FRYING SOME GREAT BIG THICK PORK SAUSAGES EARLIER, AND I GOT A LITTLE (CONFUSED)



JUST OUR FUCKIN' LUCK THAT...THE ONLY BLOKE 'ERE WORTH A FART AN' 'IS FRIGGIN' COCKS LAID UP

AYE, AN WORRA FUCKIN' WHOPPER AN' ALL. SNOT FAIR

CAFE

HEY... DID YOU SEE THAT, SAN? A FLASH FROM BEHIND THAT BUSH

I DID. THERE'S A PEEPIN' TOM TEKIN' PHOTOS OF US TITS

THE DIRTY SOP... LET'S GEDDIN

BAZ!... EEEH, BAZ! IT'S YOU... YOU MUCKY LITTLE BUGGER! ARE WE PLEASED T' SEE YOU?

ER... 'ELLO, GIRLS... ER... I WAS... ER... JUST HANGING AROUND LIKE... JUST MAKING SURE Y'D SETTLED IN OKAY.

OH, WAS YER, NOW? WELL... WE'D LIKE YOU T' GET SETTLED IN AN' ALL... UPT' YER NUTS.

EH?

SHORTLY...

SORRY IT'S TAKIN' SO LONG, SAN... HE MUST'VE WENT OFF IN THE BUSHES...

WELL I'M NOT WAITIN' ROUND F' IM T' SHOOT HIS BOLT I'M GOIN' BACK T' THE CAFE T' SEE IF THAT BLOKE'S CHOPPER'S HEALED UP

GOOD IDEA. IF IT'S NOT, BRING US A COUPLE O' PIES BACK... AN' A WAGGON WHEEL...

THE ADVENTURES OF 'SCOOP' THOMSON

FRANKIE 'SCOOP' THOMSON WAS ACE REPORTER FOR THE BARTON WEEKLY ADVERTISER

THE EDITOR WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE, SCOOP

YOU'RE OUR TOP INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER, SCOOP. YOU'VE COVERED SOME PRETTY HARD-HITTING STORIES.

EDITOR

BUT THIS ASSIGNMENT COULD PROVE TOUGH EVEN FOR YOU

THE LORD MAYOR OF BARTON WILL BE OPENING A NEW SPORTS COMPLEX IN TOWN THIS MORNING

AND I WANT YOU TO GET A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS TITS FOR TOMORROW'S FRONT PAGE

SO, SHORTLY AT THE SPORTS COMPLEX

WOW! REPORTERS FROM EVERY PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPER IN BARTONSHIRE ARE AFTER PICTURES OF THE MAYOR'S BOOBIES

BARNTON SPORTS CENTRE

MR MAYOR, COULD YOU GET YOUR JUGS OUT PLEASE?

JUST A QUICK GLIMPSE OF CLEAVAGE, MR MAYOR

SORRY GENTLEMEN, BUT I'M A VERY BUSY MAN

I SIMPLY HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO GO FLASHING MY KNOCKERS AROUND FOR EVERY TOM, DICK AND HARRY

NOW THEN, I DECLARE THIS SPORTS COMPLEX OPE - IS

ATTENTION! THIS IS A MESSAGE FOR THE BARTON TOWN COUNCIL

I AM THE EVIL PROFESSOR GREENFINGER, AND I'VE GOT A SECRET UNDERGROUND NUCLEAR MISSILE BASE

THE MISSILES HAVE BEEN PROGRAMMED TO HOME IN ON THE LORD MAYOR'S TITS

BY NOON TODAY THE TOWN COUNCIL MUST GRANT ME A SEASON TICKET FOR ADMITTANCE TO ALL CIVIC LEISURE FACILITIES IN BARTON, SUCH AS THE SPORTS CENTRE, SWIMMING BATHS, PUTTING GREEN, ETC. ETC.

THIS WILL ALLOW ME ACCESS TO ANY OF THESE AMENITIES WHENEVER I CHOOSE... FREE OF CHARGE!

AND IF THESE DEMANDS ARE NOT MET BY 12 O'CLOCK...

...THE MAYOR'S MAMMARIES WILL BE MARMALIZED!

THE FIEND! HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS

WE HAVE TO DO AS HE SAYS - THE MAYOR'S BREASTS ARE AT STAKE HERE

NO! BARTON TOWN COUNCIL MUST NEVER GIVE IN TO BLACKMAIL

AND IF THAT MEANS MY TITS HAVE TO BE BLOWN UP WITH NUCLEAR BOMBS... THEN SO BE IT.

AS SCOOP HURRIED BACK TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

THAT'S ODD! WHY WOULD SOMEONE PITCH A TENT ON THAT PATCH OF WASTLAND?

THIS CALLS FOR A CLOSER INVESTIGATION

GOSH! THERE ARE STEPS GOING DOWN UNDER THE TENT

I MUST SEE WHERE THEY LEAD

BUT WHEN THE YOUNG REPORTER DESCENDED THE MYSTERIOUS STAIRWAY

CLONK!

URK!

SO, THAT MEDDLING FOOL DISCOVERED MY SECRET UNDERGROUND BASE! BUT HE'S TOO LATE TO SAVE THE MAYOR'S BOOBS

IT'S NEARLY TWELVE O'CLOCK - TIME TO LAUNCH THE MISSILES!

SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR CHARLIES, MR MAYOR

HA! HA! HA!

SCOOP STAGGERED GROGGILY TO HIS FEET

GREENFINGER HAS SCARPERED AND THE MISSILES ARE TAKING OFF

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING QUICKLY

AHA! THE VERY THING

NUCLEAR MISSILE TARGET SELECTOR LEVER

THIS SHOULD GIVE THE PROFESSOR A NASTY SURPRISE

ABOVE GROUND THE MISSILES ROARED OUT OF THEIR SILOS

HERE COME THE NUCLEAR BOMBS - HEADING DIRECTLY FOR MY NIPS!

NO, WAIT! THEY'RE ABRUPTLY CHANGING COURSE

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

BOOM!

AARGH!

MY ARSE HAS EXPLODED!

BY REDIRECTING THOSE MISSILES YOU SAVED MY KNOCKERS FROM ANNIHILATION

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

WELL...

THERE IS ONE THING YOU COULD DO FOR ME, MR MAYOR...

NEXT MORNING

GOOD WORK, SCOOP - YOU GOT ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT

BARNTON ADVERTISER

LOAD MAYOR OPENS SPORTS COMPLEX...

AND HERE'S A PICTURE OF HIS TITS BY SCOOP THOMSON

I JUST TRY TO KEEP ABEAST OF THE CURRENT SITUATION, MR EDITOR. HA! HA! HEE!

We expose the **EVIL** of Mystic Meg

BURN the WITCH!

God slams Lottery

At the same time as condemning Mystic Meg for her involvement in Britain's multi-million pound weekly cash lottery, the book of Revelations also warns the public not to buy tickets.

Wealth

The Good Book criticises the number of countries which now operate lotteries, and the apparent imbalance of wealth which these generate. Chapter 18, verse 3 reads: 'For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the Earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the Earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies'.

Health

He then issues a crystal clear warning to the public not to buy tickets. 'And I heard a voice from Heaven saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues'. And the Good Lord has a sombre message for jackpot winners too, warning that their new found wealth will not last, come the day of judgment.

Happiness

'Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord who judgeth her. And the fruits that thy soul lusted after are departed from thee, and things that were dainty and goodly are departed from thee, and thy shalt find them no more at all'.

Tears

Yesterday the Bishop of Durham, cock, hole in wall, public toilet, etc. etc. etc.

Mystic Meg is a **WITCH** and she must be burned at the steak. That is the finding of our special investigation into this **HARLOT** who claims to 'see' into the future, and have 'visions' of Britain's Lottery winners before the draw is even made.

For

Every week millions of TV viewers are transfixed by the popular News Of The World astronomer's shameless sorcery. But today we ask: *Is her ability to see so vividly the ways of the future the behaviour of a normal, God fearing Christian?* Or is such magic and trickery the work of a **WHORE** is league with the Devil himself?

Souvenirs

Strong words perhaps, but we can back them up with a damning dossier of evidence against this vile and evil woman. And nowhere is she condemned more boldly than in The Bible

Burn her! **Burn her!!**

and any religious fanatic worth his salt will tell you that the use of backwards writing or language is the hallmark of Satan himself. In chapter 17, verse 9, the relevance of the seven headed beast is also explained. 'The seven heads are the seven mountains upon which the woman sitteth' - a clear reference to the winning lottery numbers, of which there are six; seven if you include the bonus ball.

The

Revelations also speaks of the woman 'having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness'. This doubtless refers to her crystal ball in which she conjures images

Bible labels lottery guru **'Mother of all harlots'**

itself. For in the book of Revelations it is written that 'Babylon the Great, the mother of all harlots and abominations on Earth shall ride upon a scarlet beast with seven heads and ten horns'.

We

In chapter 17 it warns of a woman who clearly fits the description of the TV lottery pundit. 'And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones'. Mystic Meg owns both purple and scarlet items of clothing, and wears earrings.

Are

However the reference to precious stones contains a more cryptic clue to her true identity. For Meg spelled backwards is 'gem'.

of fornication. Any remaining doubt is laid to rest in verse 5, chapter 17, wherein the witch is named. 'And upon her forehead was a name written, **MYSTERY**'.

Diddy

If found guilty of being a witch then Mystic Meg must suffer death by burning. For the Bible tells us: 'And the ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast, these shall hate the whore, and make her desolate and naked, and eat her flesh and burn her with fire'.

Men

Yesterday neither Lottery organisers Camelot or News International Newspapers were prepared to hand Mystic Meg over to be burned at the steak on a giant bonfire.



Justice must be done in the eyes of the Lord

We demand **JUSTICE**. Mystic Meg must be burned at the steak for being a witch; or if she is not a witch, she must be drowned in a pond in order to prove her innocence. You can join our campaign by cutting out this form, signing it and sending it to the News Of The World. If enough readers show their support, then they will have no choice but expel this harlot from their midst. For she has sinned against the Lord, and fornicated with the men of the Earth. She is a an acolyte of Satan. **BURN HER!!**

To: Piers Morgan, Editor, News of the World, Virginia Street, London E1.

Dear Mr Morgan

Mystic Meg is a **WITCH!** The witch must die. Burn her! **BURN the WITCH!!**
Failing that, please would you drown her in a pond.

Signed.....Date.....

MYSTIC MEG "Burn The Witch" T SHIRTS
are available from R.B.P., 98 Campbell Gordon Way, London NW2 6RW, priced £8.50 each

MP's call for return to Medieval values

LEADING back bench Tory MPs are today calling for a return to Medieval values to help save society from drowning in the lake of eternal fire.

Sir Anthony Regents-Park is calling for stricter disciplinary measures based on tried and tested techniques employed successfully in Medieval times. "These would include the compulsory rounding up of witches and any other young women suspected of magic, sins of the flesh, thinking vile and impure thoughts, or being in league with the Devil. They could then be stripped naked and tortured for a bit before being burned at the stake", he told reporters yesterday.

Doddy's

Prime Minister John Major may give in to pressure from the Right and create a new post of Witchfinder General within the Cabinet. Leading candidates for the job

'Bring back the bonfire' say Tories

would include Edward Heath and former Chancellor Norman Lamont. The Witchfinder General would be given far reaching powers to apprehend and burn women more or less at will.

Men

The last witch to be publicly executed in Britain was Elizabeth Jarvis, a young mother of 18, who was burned on a bonfire at the town of Ipswich in August 1971.



Sir Anthony Regents-Park
'Strip them naked'



John Major - post for Witchfinder General

WITCH HUNT!

Do you suspect someone of sorcery, fornication, or other forms of evil? Write in and tell us who YOU think might be a witch. Don't worry. You can remain anonymous if you wish. And remember - God is on your side.

When choosing witches, remember most are fairly young, attractive, and they usually have longish, straight dark hair. If you're stuck for ideas, here's a few suggestions to start you off.

Are

With her sultry looks and jet black hair, former country bumpkin actress CATHERINE ZETA-JONES must be a prime candidate for the bonfire. Evidence against her includes the fact that she parades herself for the camera like a painted whore in skimpy underwear, and she has flaunted her nakedness by briefly appearing topless in a TV play.

The

Pint sized Icelandic popster BJORG is another star who'd have trouble convincing a kangaroo court of committed Christian's that she was not a daughter of Satan. For she has fornicated with her fans through her filthy music and provocative dances. Besides which she speaks in a strange tongue, and does not look of this world.

Diddymen

Football legend Bobby's daughter SUZANNE CHARLTON claims to change the weather using her brightly coloured maps and trickery. Her famous father played for Manchester United. Their nickname? The Red DEVILS. We rest our case.

What do YOU think? Write and nominate your witches, explaining briefly the reasons for your choice. Please restrict your nominations to a maximum of three per letter. Write to Witch Hunt, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Please mark your envelope 'Burn the witch! Burn her!!'

Which witch is which?



Zeta-Jones: Flaunted her nakedness



Bjorg: Is not of this world



Father Bobby: The 'Red' Devil himself?

Hitler comes clean

SHAMED former Nazi leader Adolf Hitler spoke publicly for the first time last night about the Second World War.

Speaking live on Dan Leno's 'Today Show' the former Fuhrer admitted that the holocaust was "a bad thing".

Little

It was Hitler's first public appearance since the war ended in 1945. He looked uncomfortable and shifted awkwardly in his chair as he faced up to the inevitable question about mass genocide.

Diddy

"In ziss life zere are bat sings unt zere are goot sings. Vot I did voz a bat sing, unt I accept zat", he told the popular chat show host. His words were greeted with rapturous applause by the shallow headed American studio audience. Indeed the US public appear to have taken the Nazi dictator to

Fuhrer faces the music on live TV

their hearts. "That took a helluva lot of doing. I think he's one helluva guy", said one fat cow who was waiting outside the studios hoping for a glimpse of Hitler.

We

Early indications are that Hitler's popularity will not be affected by the controversy surrounding the holocaust. Already Hollywood film producers have made several hundred films about the war.



War cheat Hitler

CRABS JOKE

CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO GET TO THE TESTICLES?

SURE. I'M A STRANGER ROUND THESE PARTS MYSELF.



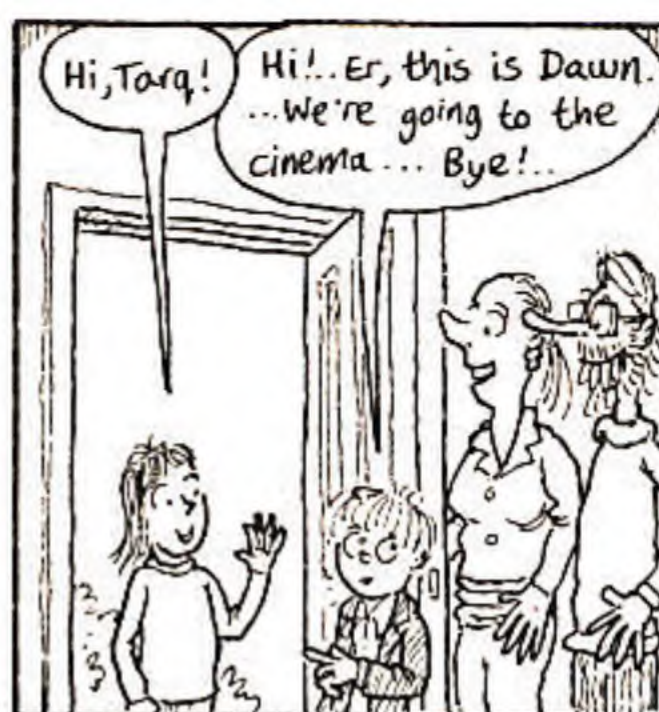
This year come Time Canoeing on the Norfolk Broads

Our Time Canoes are so easy to use... simply set the dial and paddle away, backwards and forwards in time. Visit your Grandparents as children or drop in at your grandchild's retirement party.



I am interested in canoeing through time. Please send me details Name Address

The MODERN PARENTS



You know, if either of you have any questions about different sexual positions, you only have to ask us...

I'm off!

There's no need to be embarrassed... Sex is a normal part of life...

Dawn, wait!

Tarquin, if Dawn needs space to find herself I think you should let her have some time alone.

Get lost!

I'm sorry Tarquin... I really like you but I'm not putting up with your parents.

Later... We're very concerned about the way you pushed me earlier, Tarquin... I hope having this poster on your bedroom wall will curb your male violence.

You should treat women with respect, Tarquin... No wonder you and Dawn are having problems.

If it wasn't for you two interfering, Dawn and I wouldn't have any problems...

Oh Tarquin! Don't be so naïve! I'm afraid you've been taken in by the myth of romantic love, created by the male media to oppress women...

You can't expect Dawn to submit her personality and become your possession... It's a woman's right to explore her natural sexual feelings with various partners.

Look, we just want to go out with each other...

There's no place for possessiveness and jealousy in an adult relationship... Everything should be honest and open...

Absolutely! For instance, I'm currently having an affair with Mandy from my Essential Oils Massage Class...

What!? You lecherous bastard!!

But you just said that...

It's completely different for women!... We have complicated needs... Men just want to shag every woman they see so they can feel dominant.

That's not fair! Mandy and I are very close... She really understands my Male Menopause...

Male Menopause! Pah! That's just another male myth!... How old is she then, this Mandy?.. Twenty?.. Seventeen?.. Blonde, is she?..

That's completely irrelevant... Maybe I prefer to be with someone with a youthful attitude to life... It's more fun than being with an ugly old aggressive man-hater...

WHAM!

BASTARD!!

BITCH!!

THUMP! THUMP!

SOD!!

Come on, Guin... I'll drop you off at Uncle Eddie's on my way over to Dawn's.

COW!!

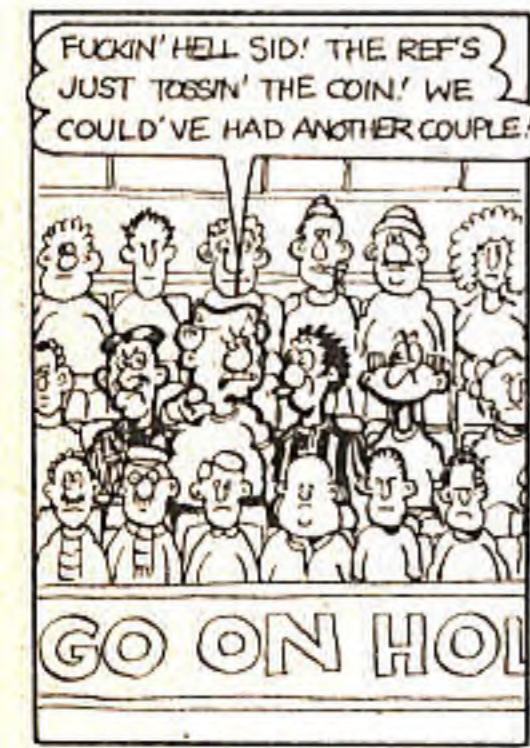
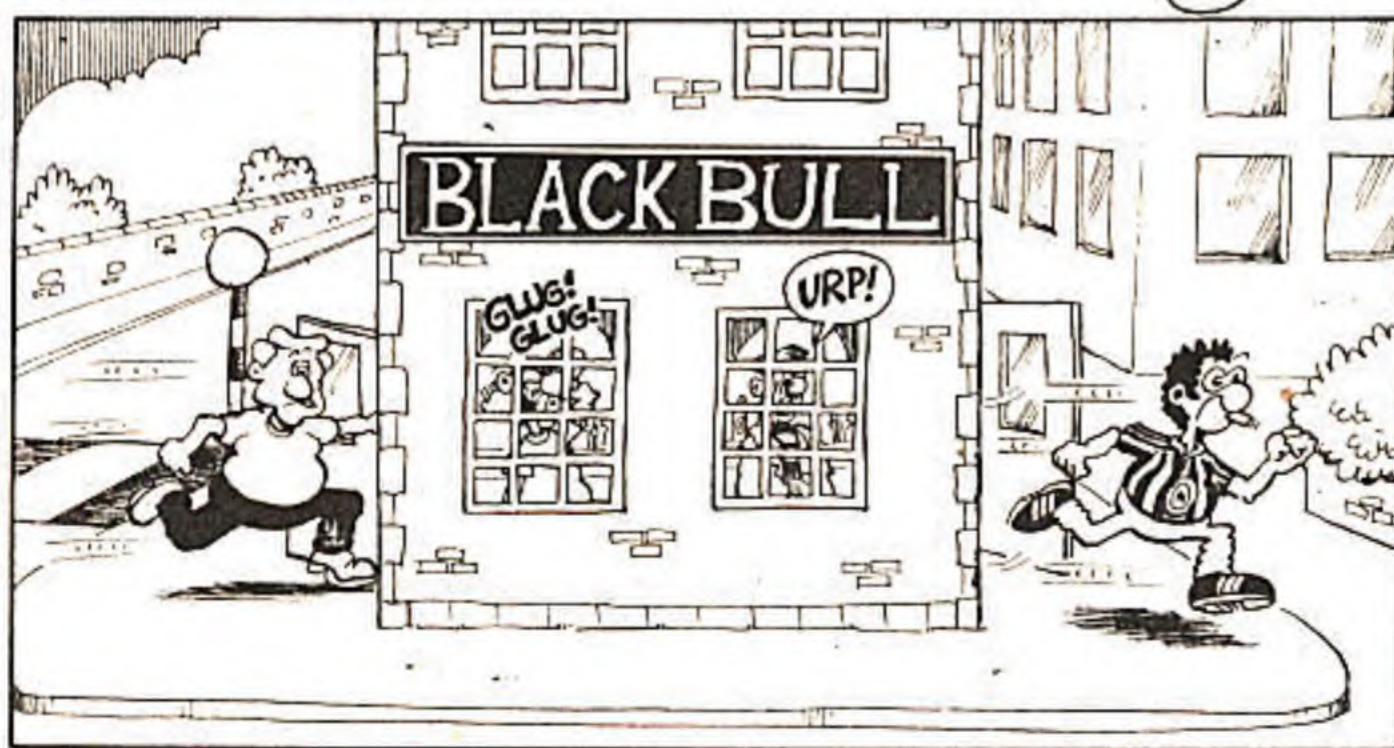
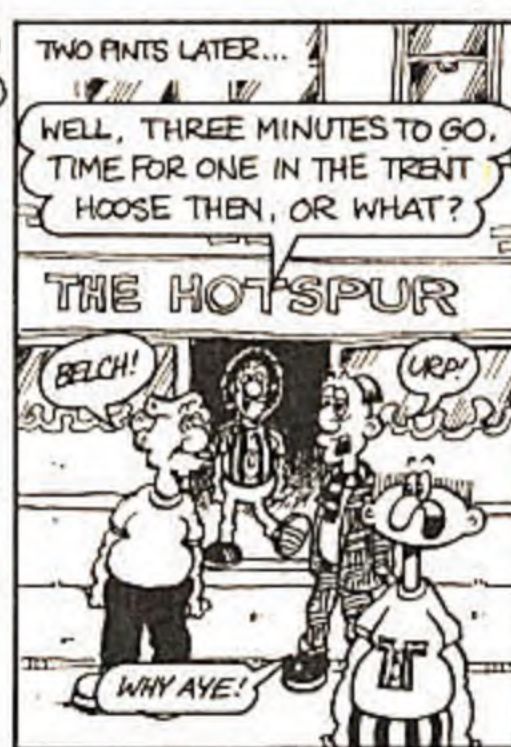
Later... ...and you're sure your parents aren't going to come and pepper us again?..

Don't worry... They're too wrapped up in each other at the moment to bother about us...

mmm... mmm... ..astard!..

mmm... mm... ..itch!

the SEXIST





Brando boost for jobs on the Tyneside waterfront

'New pants' hope for North shipyard

HOLLYWOOD heavyweight actor Marlon Brando is set to save a Tyneside shipyard. Bosses at Swan Hunter are on the verge of securing a £26 million contract to supply new pants for the giant superstar. And if the deal goes through it will guarantee work for 600 men at the yard over the next three years.

Who

The 1800 ton Brando, by far the biggest actor in the world, is at present moored in Ireland where he is being used for scenes in the new Hollywood movie 'Divine Rapture'. Movie bosses have asked British yards to tender for the new pants because of the logistical problems in shipping an existing pair out from the States. However Swans face competition from rival shipbuilders Harland & Woolf. The Belfast yard are also desperate to win the pant contract.

Come

A cult figure since the fifties, Brando largely gave up acting forty years ago to concentrate on watching TV and eating crisps. The cost of maintaining him in working order is enormous, and film producers pay anything up to ten million dollars a day to hire the Brando for film appearances.

From

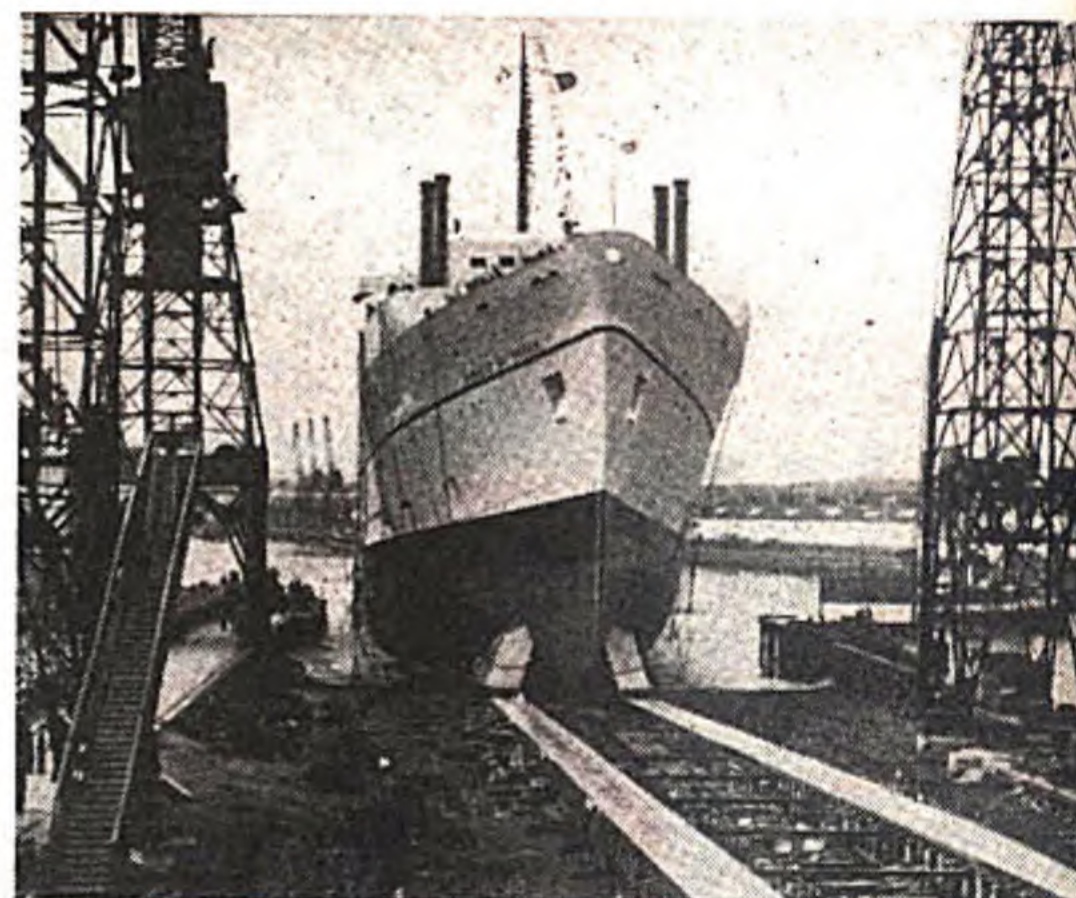
Meanwhile the Irish Government last night confirmed plans to dump one of Brando's stools at sea had been abandoned. The giant stool was to have been towed out to sea and then skuttled in 2 miles of water 200 miles North West of Scotland. However Greenpeace protesters blocked the move after clambering aboard the gigantic turd to stage a dramatic 'sit on'.

The protesters claim significant quantities of effluent and residual crisp flavourings such as Salt 'n' Vinegar would be emitted from the stool causing pollution on the sea bed. Government scientists had strenuously denied any

contamination from the turd could make its way back into the food chain.

Knotty Ash

The stool is presently attracting sight see-ers to Galway Bay where it is moored awaiting a decision on its future.



Scenes like this may soon return if the Brando pant order comes to Swans

10 things you never knew about Massive Marlon

Weighing 1800 tons fully laden and costing \$10 million a day to run, he's the biggest star in the world. Here's ten titanic facts you'll be amazed to hear about Hollywood's heaviest heartthrob.



1 Irish crisp manufacturer's 'Tayto' have put their Dublin factory on overtime to cope with munching Marlon's demands for his favourite potato snack. The factory's entire output - over 200 million packets a week - are being snapped up by Hollywood film producers to satisfy the star's appetite.

2 Brando must eat a staggering eight times his own body weight in crisps every day in order to simply stay alive.

3 A twelve man team working in appalling conditions labour day and night to keep Brando's enormous gut stoked with crisps. They shovel around 12 tons of them into his cavernous mouth every minute.

4 Cleaning Brando's teeth is a never ending task - quite literally. When workmen finish at one end of his mouth, they simply turn around and start again at the other.

5 Built in 1923, Brando was converted to an actor in the fifties and

first appeared in cult movies such as On The Waterfront.

6 A superstructure was added to his mouth for filming of the seventies gangster movie The Godfather in which he appeared as a Sicilian mobster.

7 Brando's captain was found guilty of negligence and failing to keep a watch after his actor was in collision with fellow star William Conrad near Los Angeles in 1982. Brando suffered minor damage to his stomach. 'Cannon' star Conrad was breached at the arse, and three of his crew were killed.

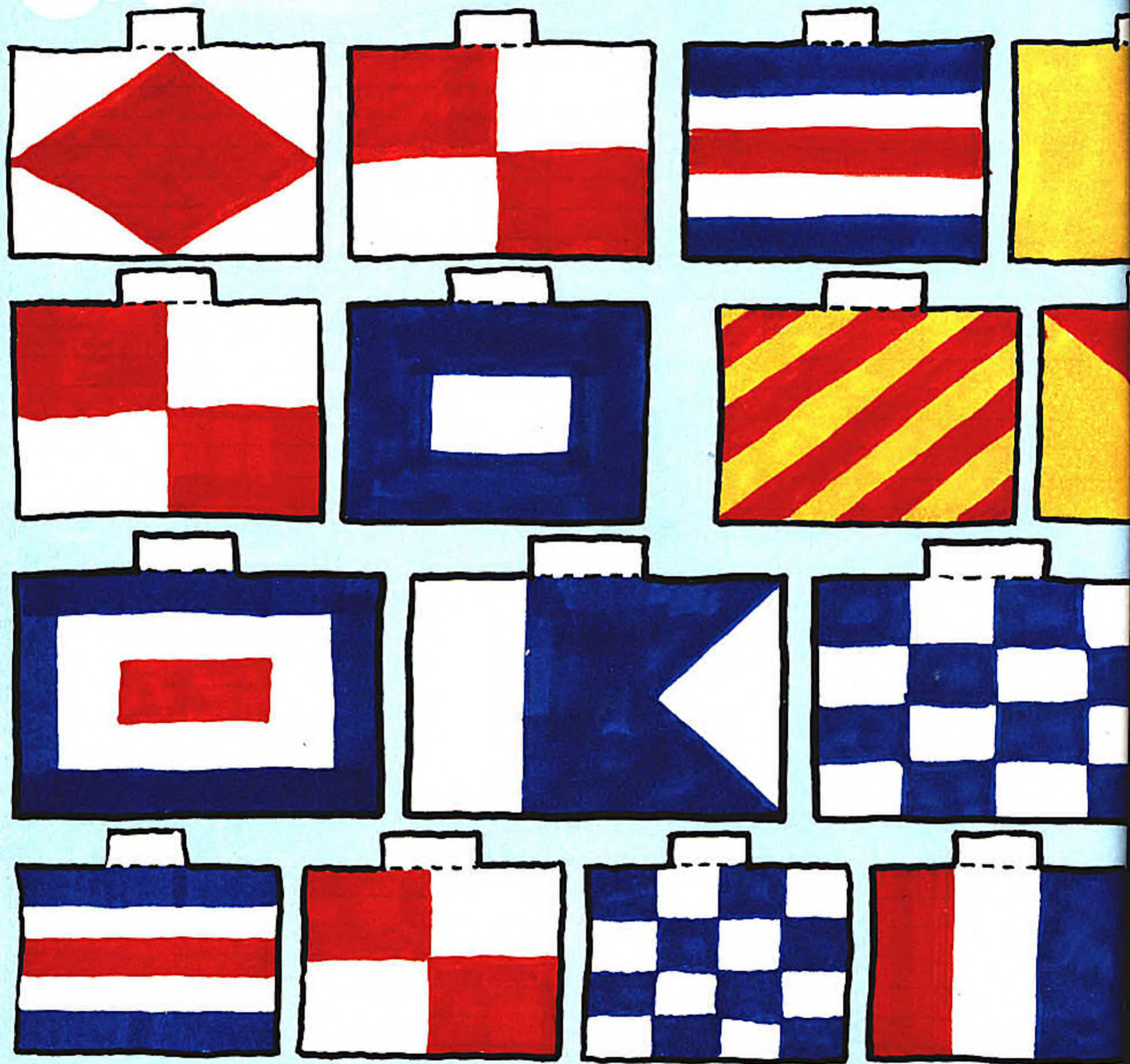
8 Brando's top speed fully laden is a mere 3 miles an hour. In an emergency it would take him up to two miles to stop or change direction.

10 Plans to convert Marlon into a multi million pound floating hotel and restaurant were scuppered in 1987 when New York harbour officials refused to grant the star a fire certificate.

Sweary Mary's 'Road Rage'

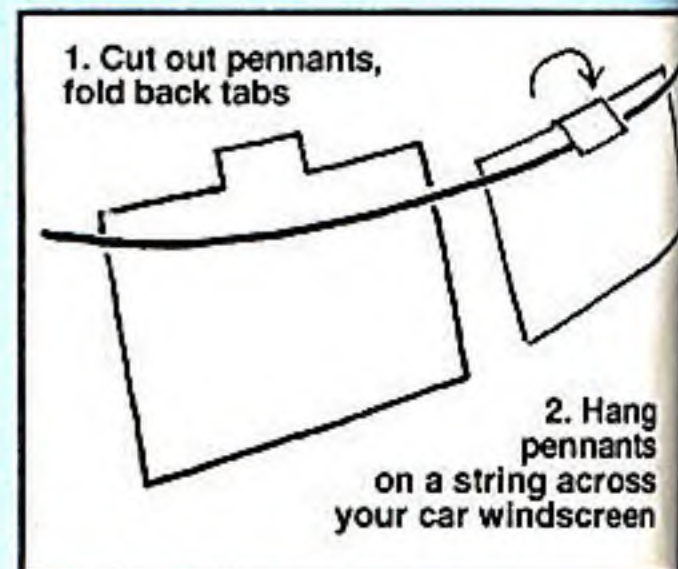
SWEARING

Wouldn't it be great if you could swear properly at other motorists; hurl genuine obscenities instead of simply honking your horn and making feeble rude gestures? Well now you can! These amazing Swearing Pennants give you the freedom to use gratuitous bad language simply and safely without taking your hands off the



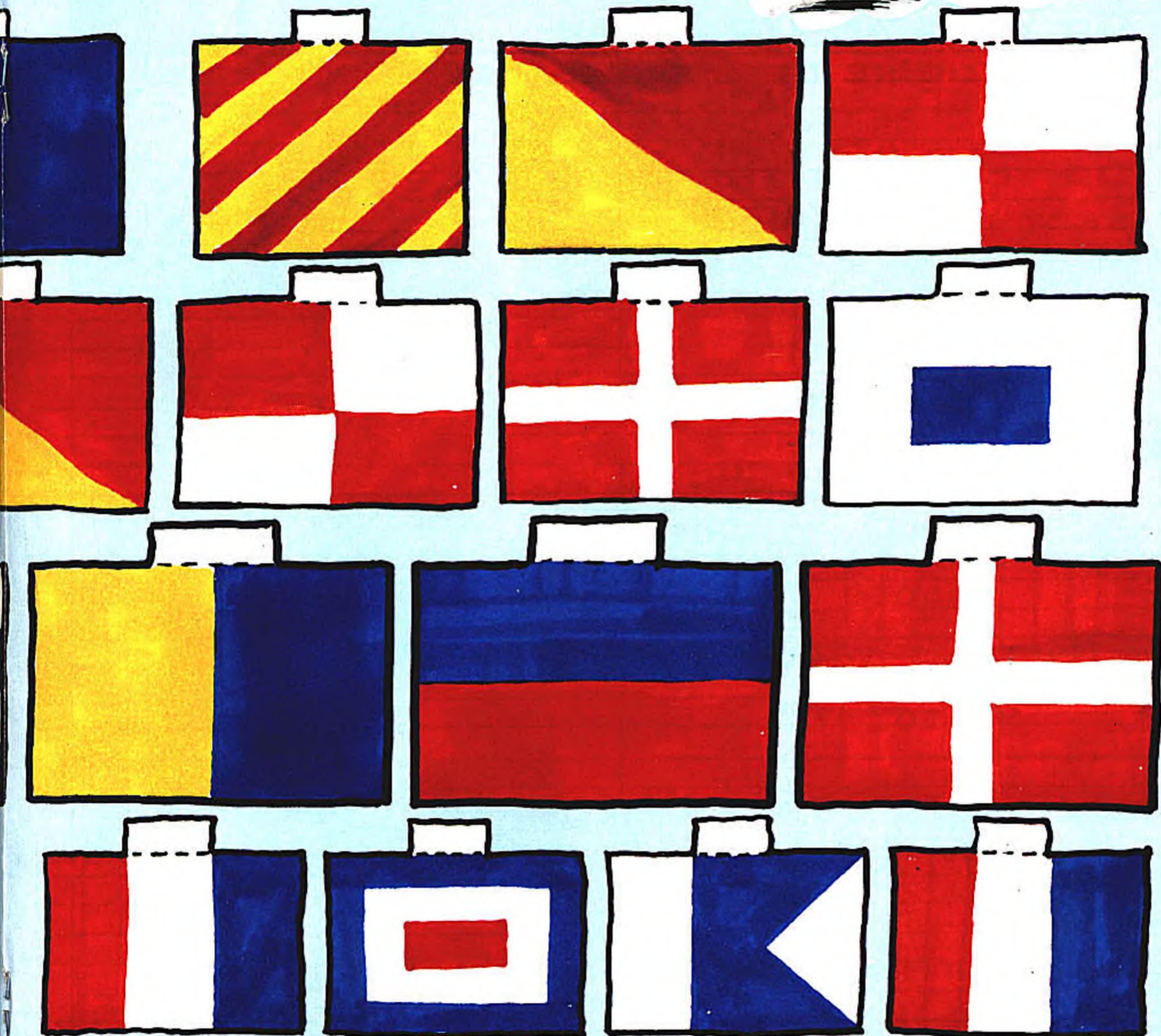
How to use your Swearing Pennants

Translate the Swear Pennants above using the alphabet key (right). Cut out the pennants you prefer and hang them (by the folded tabs) along a string inside your car windscreen, front or rear. In the interests of road safety please ensure these do not obstruct the driver's view. Then simply sit back and relax. There'll be no need to honk, flash or gesture at other motorists. Simply let the pennants do your swearing for you!

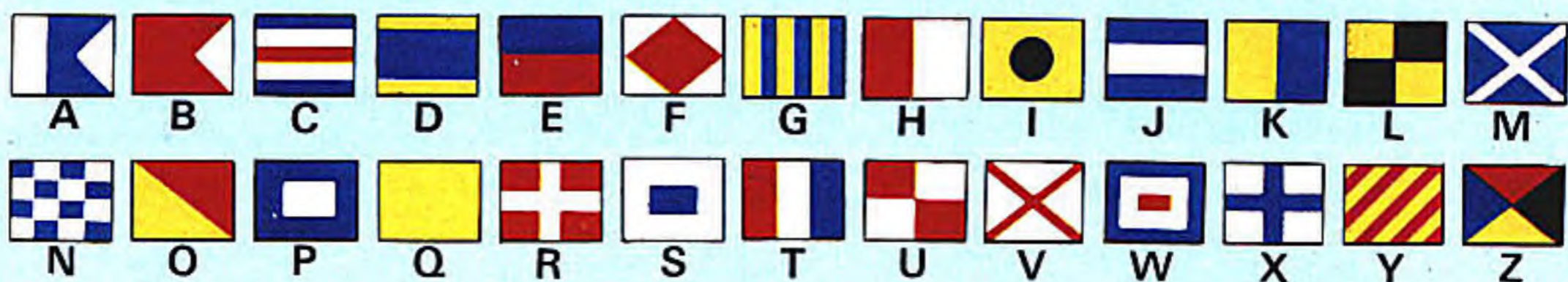


PENNANTS

wheel. For many years angry sailors have sworn at each other from ship to ship using a special alphabet of flags. Now, using this internationally recognised language, you can aim foul and abusive language at fellow motorists anywhere in the world by simply displaying these pennants in your car windscreen.



This is the International Signal Flag alphabet used by ships all over the world. Why not make your own flags to decorate your home and swear at neighbours etc.



My Mother's a Whore

YOUNG PERCY PEACH WAS NEVER THE BRIGHTEST PUPIL AT BARTON COMPREHENSIVE...

PEACH! YOU'VE FAILED YOUR MATHS TEST AGAIN, STAY BEHIND AFTER SCHOOL!

OH FUCKING SHIT, SIR! I HATE DETENTION SIR!

GOOD GRIEF PEACH! WHAT WOULD YOUR MOTHER THINK IF SHE HEARD YOU USING LANGUAGE LIKE THAT?

SHE WOULDN'T GIVE A TOSS SIR, SHE'S A WHORE, SIR!

WHAT?! A..WH..WH..WHORE?!

YES SIR, A PROZZIE, A MATTRESS BACK, A STREET WALKER, A STRUMPET, A HARLOT, A WHORE, SIR!!

PERCY IS SENT TO THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY.....

NOW PEACH, I'VE TELEPHONED YOUR MOTHER, AND SHE'LL BE ARRIVING ANY MINUTE. TOGETHER, WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF YOUR WICKED OUTBURST.

BUT...BUT...

BUT THEN... HMM... THERE APPEARS TO BE SOME SORT OF COMMOTION AT THE GATES. WAIT RIGHT THERE, PEACH!

WHOO-HOO! WHAY-HAY!

SIGH! YES SIR...

OUTSIDE...

RIGHT LADS, NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN MY BOSOMS, IT'S TIME TO PAY UP, COME ON, TEN PENCE EACH.

COO!

CRIPES!

I SAY, YOU BOYS! WHAT'S ALL THIS?

OH, HELLO! I'M SCARLET PEACH, PERCY'S MOTHER. I'M HERE TO SEE HIS HEADMASTER

MY GOD! SOLICITING YOUR BODY FOR FINANCIAL GAIN? SO IT WAS TRUE, YOU ARE A WHORE! OH, I'M SO EMBARRASSED.

IT SEEMS I OWE YOUR SON AN APOLOGY, MRS PEACH. PLEASE, DO COME THIS WAY.

WHY, THANK YOU HEADMASTER, AND CALL ME SCARLET, OR BABE, OR BITCH, OR SLUT, OR WHOEVER YOU FANTASISE OVER.

THE MISUNDERSTANDING FORGOTTEN, MRS PEACH ENTHRALLED THE HEADMASTER WITH HER 'LADY OF THE NIGHT' KNOWHOW...

GOLLY! THOSE 'GOLDEN SHOWERS' MUST BE AWFULLY TRICKY TO CREATE, SCARLET?

OH, THEY'RE EASY PEE-SY HEADMASTER, HO! HO!

HA! HA! GOOD ONE MUM!

THEN, THE HEADMASTER HAD A BRAINWAVE...

MRS PEACH! IF YOU WERE TO KINDLY GIVE A TART TALK FOR YOUNG PERCY'S CLASS, IT WOULD BE A FASCINATING TREAT FOR THEM

YEAH! GO ON MUM!

HMM... GO ON THEN, AS LONG AS MY SEVEN FOOT KNIFE WEILDING PIMP WINSTON, DOESN'T FIND OUT AND CUT MY TITS OFF, I CHUCKLE

AND SO, MRS PEACH CAPTIVATED PERCY'S CLASSMATES, WITH HER STRUMPET STORIES.

OH, THIS JOB TAKES ME ALL OVER! BACKS OF CARS, ALLEYWAYS, FILTHY BEDSITS. SOME OF US EVEN END UP IN THE CANAL, WITH OUR THROATS CUT & 9199LE

90SH!

OOH!

A LITTLE LATER...

AS YOU CAN SEE, MY 'SPLIT CROTCH' PANTIES, CAN BE A SUPER SELLING POINT!!

I'M GOING TO BE A WHORE TOO, WHEN I GROW UP! BUT YOU CAN'T BILLY BRIGGS, 'COS YOU'RE A STUPID BOY!

AWWW! IT'S NOT FAIR.

...AND OF COURSE, BOYS CAN SELL PARTS OF THEIR ANATOMIES TO MEN TOO. WE CALL THESE FELLOWS RENT BOYS!

WHOOPEE! NER! NER! NER!

HARRUMPH!

PERCY'S MOTHER FINALLY DEPARTS, LEAVING A GRATEFUL CLASS TO SEE HER OFF... WANT SOME BUSINESS LUV?

BYE! BYE! SCARLET, AND THANKS!

PROUD

COR! YOUR MUM'S THE BEST, YO-YO KNICKERED HAG BAG IN THE WORLD, PERCY!

THREE CHEERS FOR MRS PEACH CHILDREN, HIP! HIP!

WHORE-AAY!



D.C. THOMPSON

The HUMOURLESS SCOTTISH GIT



OCH - I THINK I'LL GAN DOON TAE THE SHOPS. JUST TAE LOOK, MIND - I DINNAE LIKE SPENDIN' ANY O' MA BAWBEES.

AAAAGH!!!

FRUIT SHOP

SPECIAL OFFER
LITTLE PLUM
10p

HOOTS MON! Y'CANNAE SAY THAT! LITTLE PLUM IS COPYRIGHT! GIT THAT SIGN DOON AT ONCE!

Y'LL HAE NAE LITTLE PLUMS IN THIS COMIC BONNIE LADDIE.

SPECIAL OFFER
LITTLE PLUM
10p

HONESTLY, WHIT A BLATANT BREACH O' MA COPYRIGHT. I DINNAE KEN. PEOPLE T'DAY, EH?

OCH-DENNIS!
YOU ARE A
MENACE!

SWEET SHOP

WHERE IS HE? CUMMON!
OOT WI' HIM!

YER BREAKIN' THE LAW!
DENNIS THE MENACE IS COPYRIGHT,
Y'HEAR ME!

WHY-THERE'S BEEN A MISUNDERSTANDING. THIS IS MY SON - DENNIS. I WAS JUST SAYING WHAT A MENACE HE CAN BE AT TIMES.

BAH!

COME ON DENNIS. I'LL GET YOU SOME LITTLE SOUR PLUM SWEETS.

SHORTLY...
AH - IT'S A PET SHOP.
I WONDER IF THEY'VE GOT A
WEE MOOSE FOR ME TAE KEEP IN
MA HOOSE T'DAY THE NOO.

I CANNAE BELIEVE IT! WHIT A
DISGRACEFUL INFRINGEMENT O'
MA COPYRIGHT!! I'LL HOY THE
BOOK AT 'IM FOR THIS!

PET SHOP

SPECIAL OFFER!
3 BEARS
FOR THE PRICE OF
2!!

HO! YOU, JIMMY. Y'CANNAE SAY
THREE BEARS IN THIS COMIC. GIT
THAT SIGN DOON A'FORE I STICK
ONE ON YER, Y'BASTARD!

BUT MY BEARS ARE ON
SPECIAL OFFER. AND BESIDES,
THEY'RE NOTHING LIKE YOUR
BEARS - THEY AREN'T EVEN HUNGRY.

ER... HOW ABOUT A COMPROMISE
WHEREBY WE GIVE IN ALTOGETHER?
AFTER ALL - WE DON'T WANT TO
UPSET MR. THOMPSON, DO WE?

PRESENTLY...

AH, I THINK
I'LL BUY MA'SELL A WEE
TAMASHANTA FOR MA
HEED... IF THEY'VE GOT
ANY CHEAP, THAT IS.

HAT SHOP

CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?

AT LEAST I'LL BE
SAFE IN HERE FRAE
BREACHES O' MA
COPYRIGHT!

HOW ABOUT THIS SHINY
TOPPER?... WHAT A DANDY
PIECE OF HEADWEAR!... AND
QUITE A BEANO AT ONLY
TEN POUNDS EH?

DOH!

BAAH!

YAAAGH!!!

OCH, READERS...
I THINK I'VE
PISSED MA KILT.

Jack Black

and the MACHINE GUN MYSTERY



Jack Black and his dog Silver have gone to spend Jack's birthday at his Aunt's cottage in Oxfordshire.



Many happy returns of the day Jack

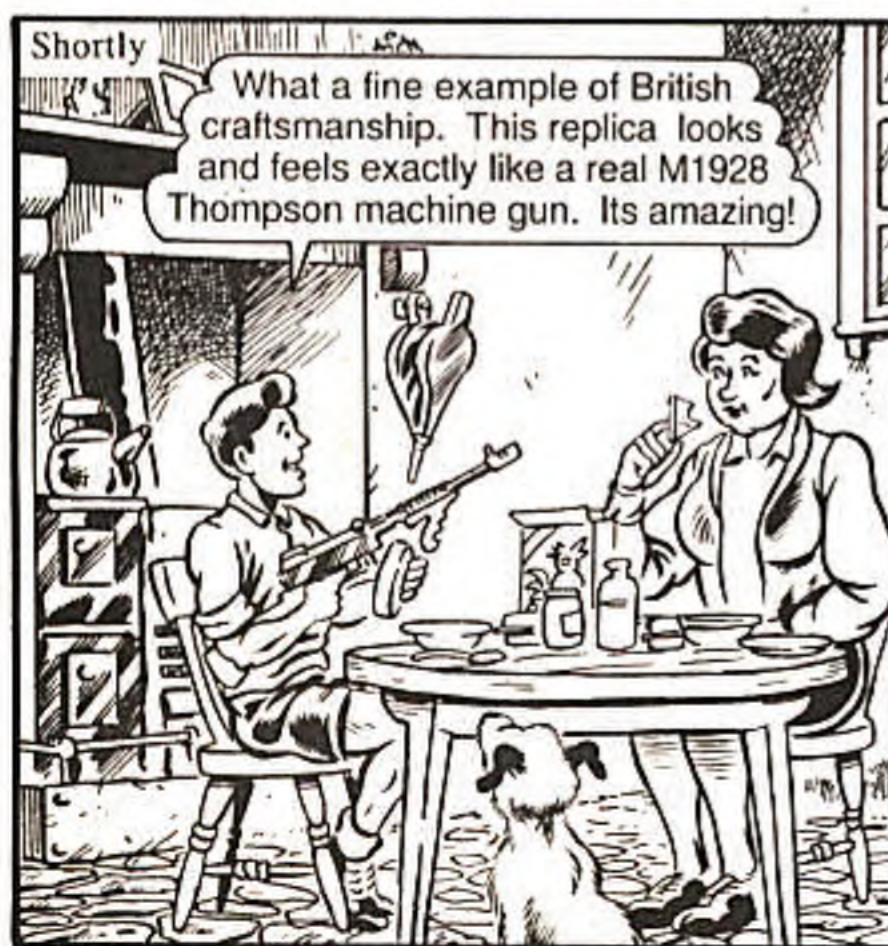
Thanks Aunt Meg. Gosh Silver, look! A birthday present for me

Woof!



Wow! A toy machine gun!

Get dressed now Jack. You can play with it after breakfast



Shortly

What a fine example of British craftsmanship. This replica looks and feels exactly like a real M1928 Thompson machine gun. Its amazing!



In the garden

Rat-at-ta-ta-ta-tat!!
Die, commie filth!

Hello there!



You must be young Jack Black and your dog Silver. I'm the Reverend Malcolm Collins, the new vicar.

Pleased to meet you

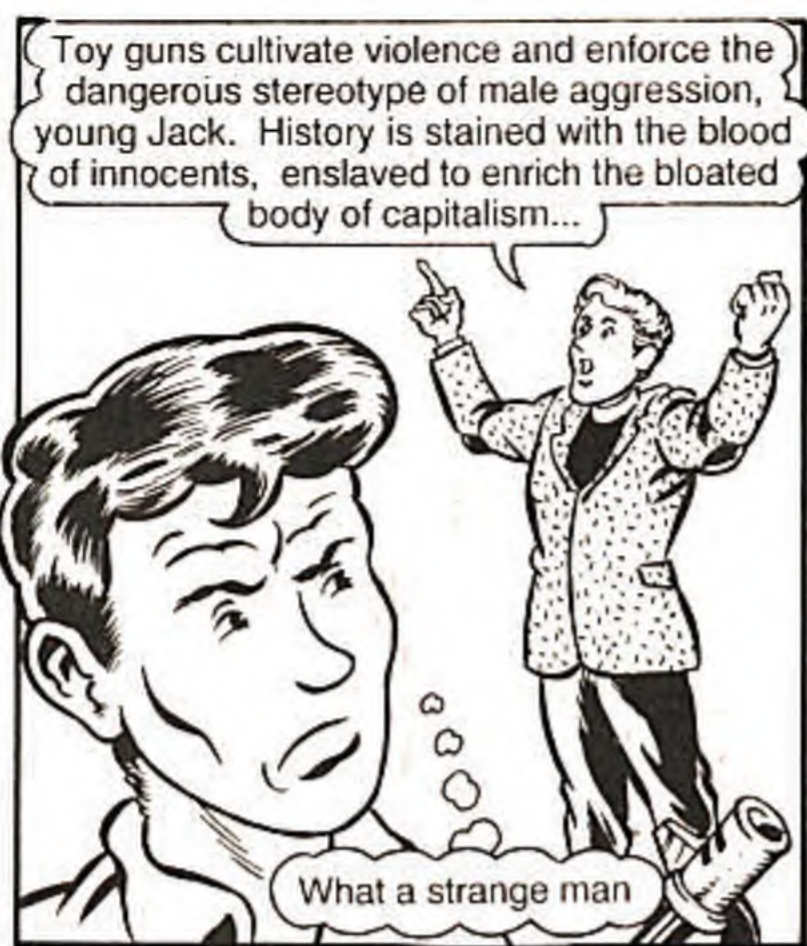
Woof!



I'm defending Britain from revolutionary scum! Will you bless my cause?

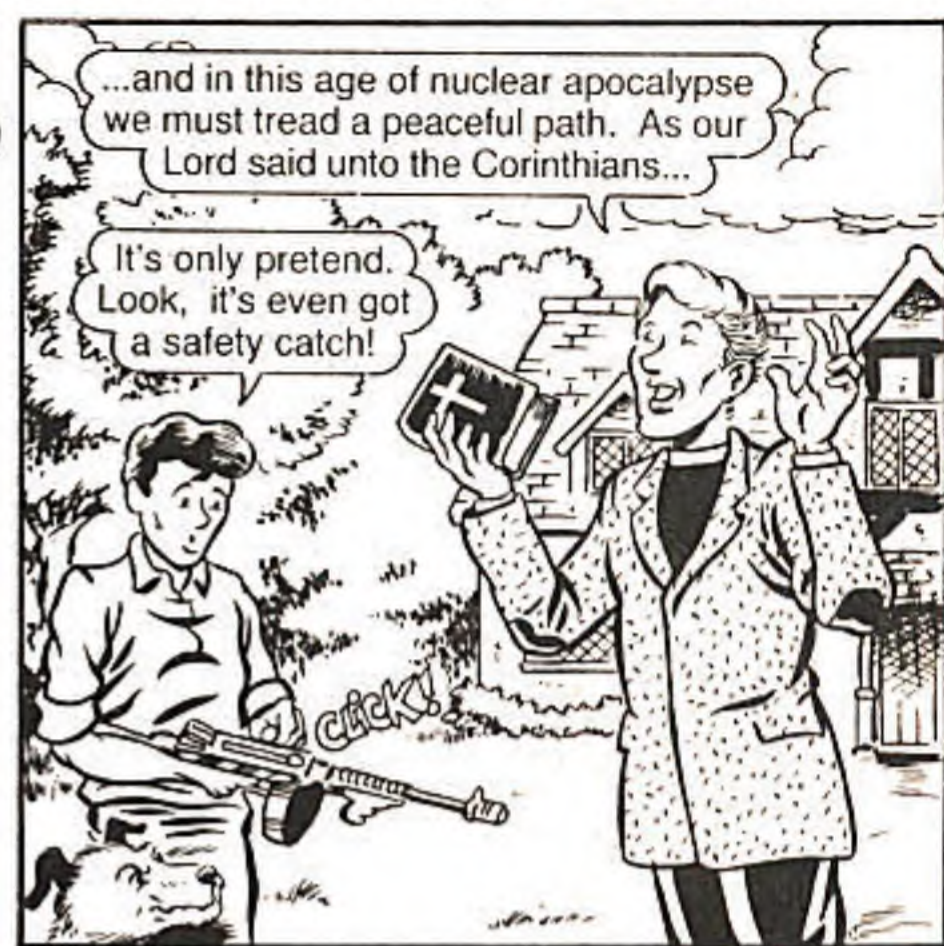
Ho ho! I'm not sure if I approve of such games, Jack

GRRR!



Toy guns cultivate violence and enforce the dangerous stereotype of male aggression, young Jack. History is stained with the blood of innocents, enslaved to enrich the bloated body of capitalism...

What a strange man



...and in this age of nuclear apocalypse we must tread a peaceful path. As our Lord said unto the Corinthians...

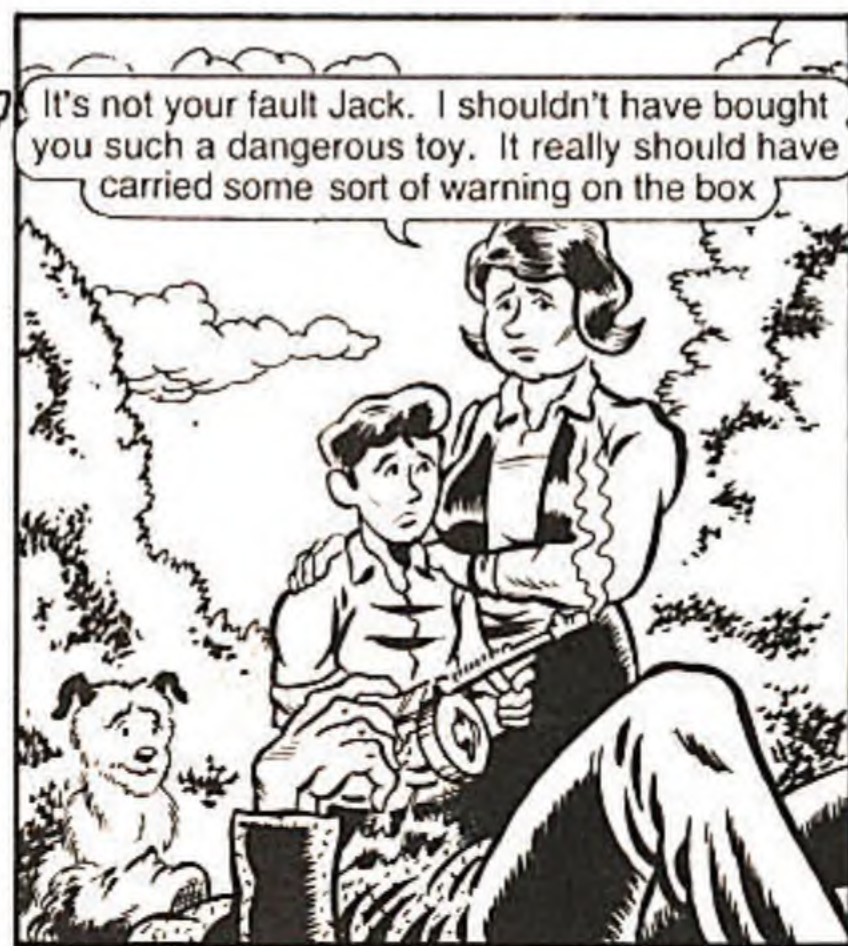
It's only pretend. Look, it's even got a safety catch!

click!

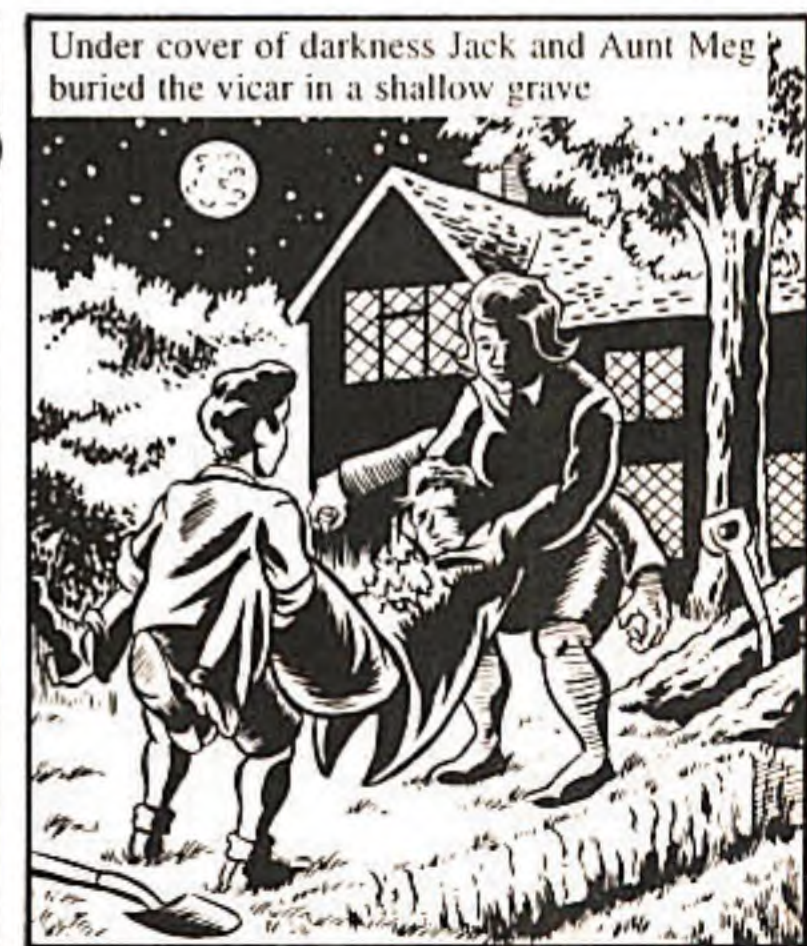


Suddenly...

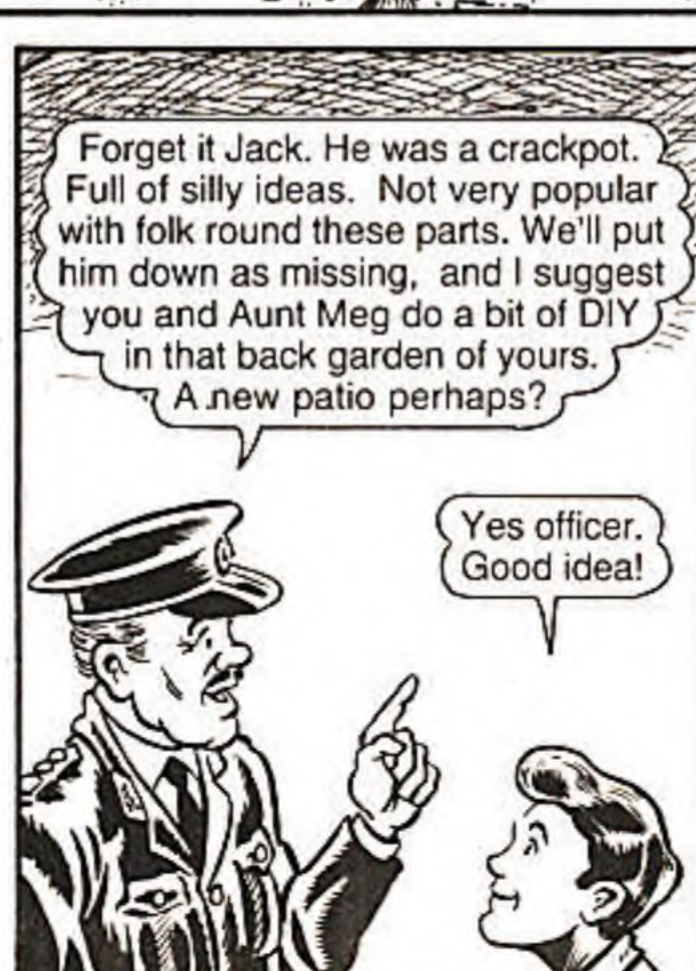
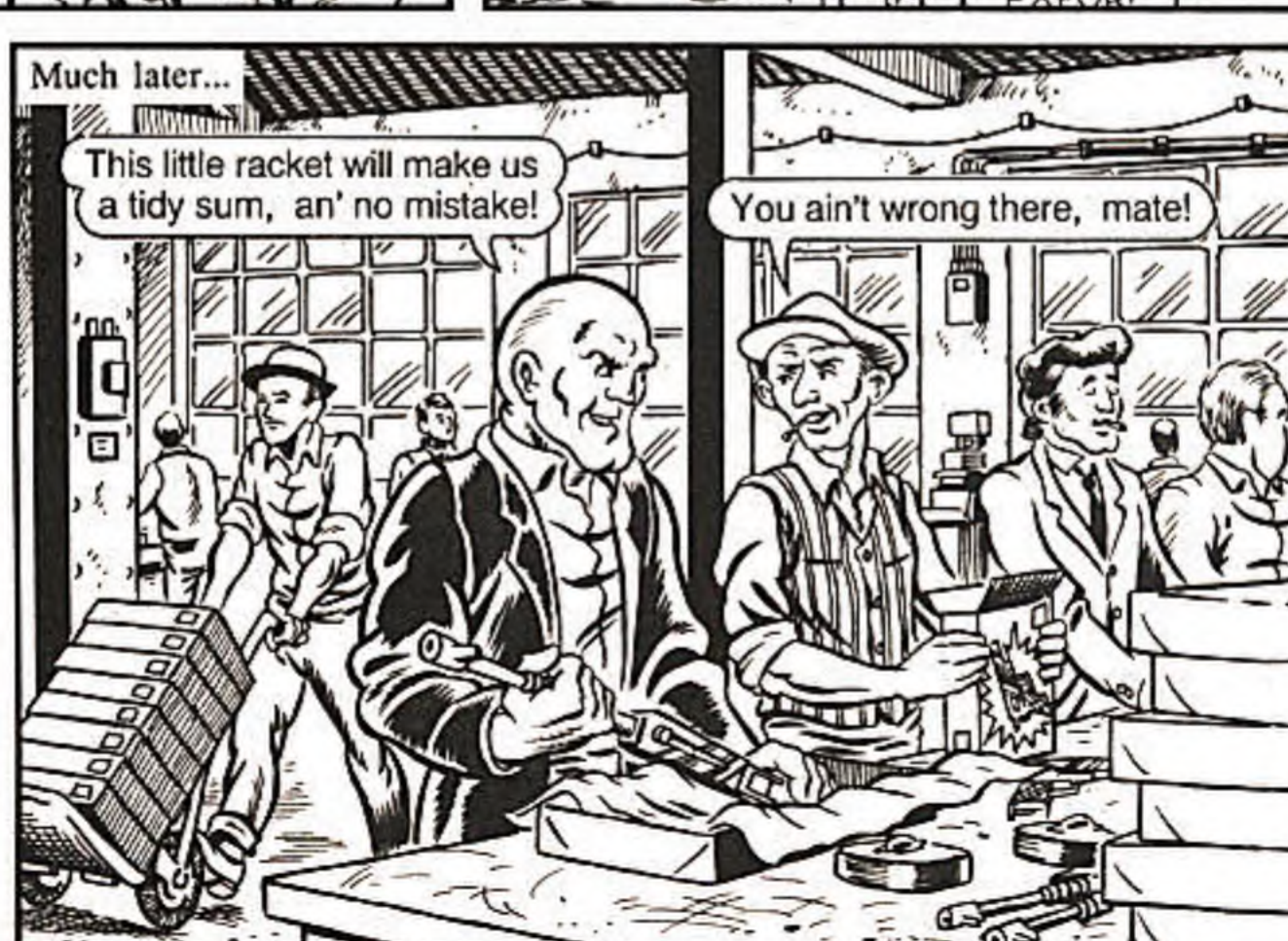
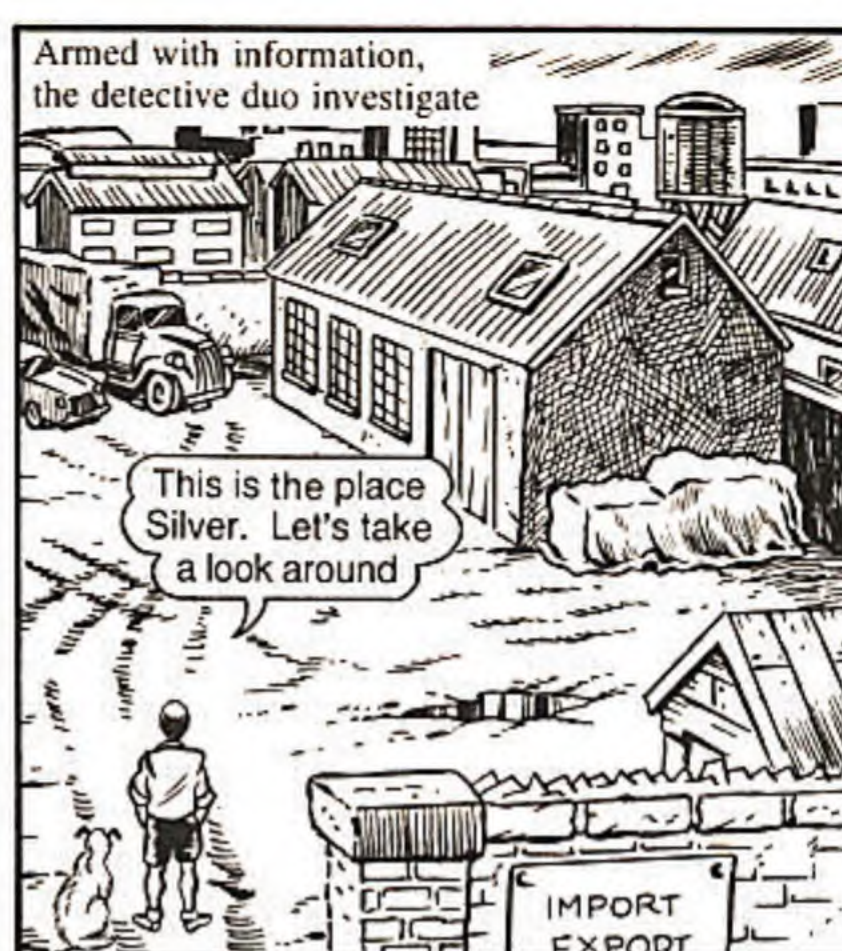
BRAT-TAT-TAT



It's not your fault Jack. I shouldn't have bought you such a dangerous toy. It really should have carried some sort of warning on the box



Under cover of darkness Jack and Aunt Meg buried the vicar in a shallow grave



Great news for Oasis fans!

We'll deliver pop faves to your door!

It's raining pop for a dozen lucky readers!

How would you like to answer your door and find your pop favourites standing on the doorstep? Well twelve lucky Viz readers will be doing just that, thanks to Oasis.

They've agreed to give us 36 crates of their new sparkling drink to give away, three crates each to a dozen pop loving readers. And the winners will also receive a super Oasis T shirt.



The pop group Oasis yesterday.

Manufacturers Schweppes believe they have at last solved the problem of fizzy pop flatulence, or 'FPF'. For many years excessive bubbiness in soft drinks has led to burping and farting among pop drinkers. But new 'Oasis' is claimed to be completely fizz free, whilst still containing the millions of miniature bubbles vital to create a 'sparkling' taste. And that's got to be good news for table manners and underpants.

Of course the formula is a well guarded secret, but the advanced manufacturing process is thought to involve filtering out or 'popping' the larger bubbles which cause windiness, pumping and belching, whilst leaving the more refined and 'fresh' tasting bubbles in the drink. Technology for this delicate operation was first used filtering fuel for the space shuttle in order to reduce engine noise levels.

Schweppes claim their new drink Oasis provides

an oasis - quite literally - where stressed out executives, for example, can stop for a calming, relaxing and rejuvenating drink. High pressure Advertising Sales Executive Maxine Page of London is already an Oasis convert. "I love drinking pop, it helps relax me during a busy day. But it's important I don't burp when I'm trying to get people's money off them down the phone", she told us. "So far this morning I've drunk 28 bottles of Oasis, and I haven't burped once. I've not farted either. It's brilliant! Mind you, if I don't go to the bog soon I'm going to piss me knickers", she told us.

You can put Oasis to the test by winning a T shirt plus three crates of the stuff. That's the prize on offer to twelve lucky readers in our tip top double pop 'Pop Pop' competition. Just answer these six 'pop pop' questions.

1. Which tart launched record boss Richard Branson's new pop?

2. Which soft drink was Edwyn Collins in?

3. She was the pop half of a pop duo who suffered heartache in 1987.

4. According to Ray Davies what did Lola's lips taste like?

5. You to WHO were everything?

6. Which porous vesicular carbonaceous mass of irregular cells bonded by walls of impervious gases is used by pop stars to burn royalty cheques?

Put your answers on a postcard and mark it 'Pop Pop'. The first 12 correct entries out of our hat will each receive an 'Oasis' T shirt and 3 crates of pop: Citrus Punch, Summer Fruits and Classic Lemon flavours.

Dare you delve

Win a set of five strange and unexplained videos

Despite the great technological advances made by man over recent decades, scientists are still no nearer finding an explanation for the unexplained.

As we near the end of a Century in which man has conquered space and split the atom, we still know virtually nothing about the unknown. The world's greatest mysteries remain shrouded in mystery. The light of knowledge shines brighter than ever before, yet hidden in the shadows there lurks deep, dark questions which remain unanswered to this day.

Perhaps some clues to the answers to the questions of the mysteries of the unknown world of the unexplained are to be found in a new set of videos being released this summer. 'The UFO Files' set out to raise the questions which to this day remain unanswered, and to delve deep into the mysteries and myths which continue to mystify even the experts.

Released by Labyrinth Video, the series of five sixty minute cassettes go on sale over the next three months. They examine evidence of UFOs, alien abductions, near death experiences, ghosts, poltergeists, paranormal phenomena, paragliding, paraffin, parakeets and Paraguay. The first two in the

series, 'Encounters of the Fifth Kind' (Parts 1 and 2) are on sale now from video stockists priced £10.99 each.

We've got three sets of all five tapes to give away to the winners of our 'Strange Mysteries of the Unknown World of the Unexplained' quiz. All you have to do is provide the strange and unknown answers to these mysterious questions about the unexplained.

1. What was the name of the ship who's entire crew mysteriously disappeared?

- a. The Mary Rose
- b. The Marie Celeste
- c. The Marie Clare

2. Singer Barry Manilow warned his fans not to go too near what?

- a. Stonehenge
- b. The Bermuda Triangle
- c. The Copa Cobana

3. Which TV newsreader's hobby is looking for the Loch Ness monster?

- a. Jeremy Paxman
- b. Nicholas Witchell
- c. Trevor McDonald

4. Zoologist David Attenborough believes that 'Yeti', or 'abominable snowmen', exist where?

How long is a Turkey's Wotsit?

Golden Wonder recently sent us a box of their exciting new 'Nice' n'Spicy' flavour Special Edition 'Long Wotsits', and a special Wotsits ruler.

'The longer they are, the better they are' said their slogan. We never got round to measuring them, but the general consensus of opinion was that they tasted like shit.

We're giving this super plastic ruler away to the first reader who can guess how long the average

turkey's intestines are. Are they:

- (a) Ten feet
- (b) Six inches
- (c) Two miles

Please mark your postcard 'Wotsits'. If Golden Wonder send us some more Wotsits we'll pass them on to the winner, to eat at their own risk.

ANSWERS and WINNERS from Issue 72

Wild Willy Barrett 'Tables' Competition

1 (c) $3 \times 7 = 22$. 2 (a) W is the chemical symbol for Tungsten. 3 (b) Thomas would sit on a turn table. 4 (c) Water tables are found under the ground. 5 (c) A group of tables is a nest. 6 (a) An MP tables a motion in the House.

The winner is Greg Bell of Wood Green, London. There were only 4 correct runners up: J McGowan of Norwich, Nigel Smith of Ashford, Mike Painter of Harrow and L J Nelson of Stockton.

Acorn Chop Suey 'China' Competition

1 (c) China plate is slang for 'mate'. 2 (c) The Great Wall of China is visible from space. 3 (c) T'Pau sang 'China in your hand'. The winner is S L Gardner of

Grimsbury, Oxfordshire.

Cheviot Hillbillies 'Hill and Billy' Competition

1 (b) Graham Hill was Damon's dad. 2 (c) Billy Idol was in Generation X. 3 (b) Senlac Hill hosted the Battle of Hastings. 4 (c) The jolly swag man's billy boiled.

The winners are Bernie McKenna of Mitcham, Surrey and Stewart Carroll of Liverpool.

Athletes Fools Competition

The fools belonged to Errol Brown out of Hot Chocolate, so the prize goes to Bill Thackray of Croydon who guessed Paul Gascoigne.

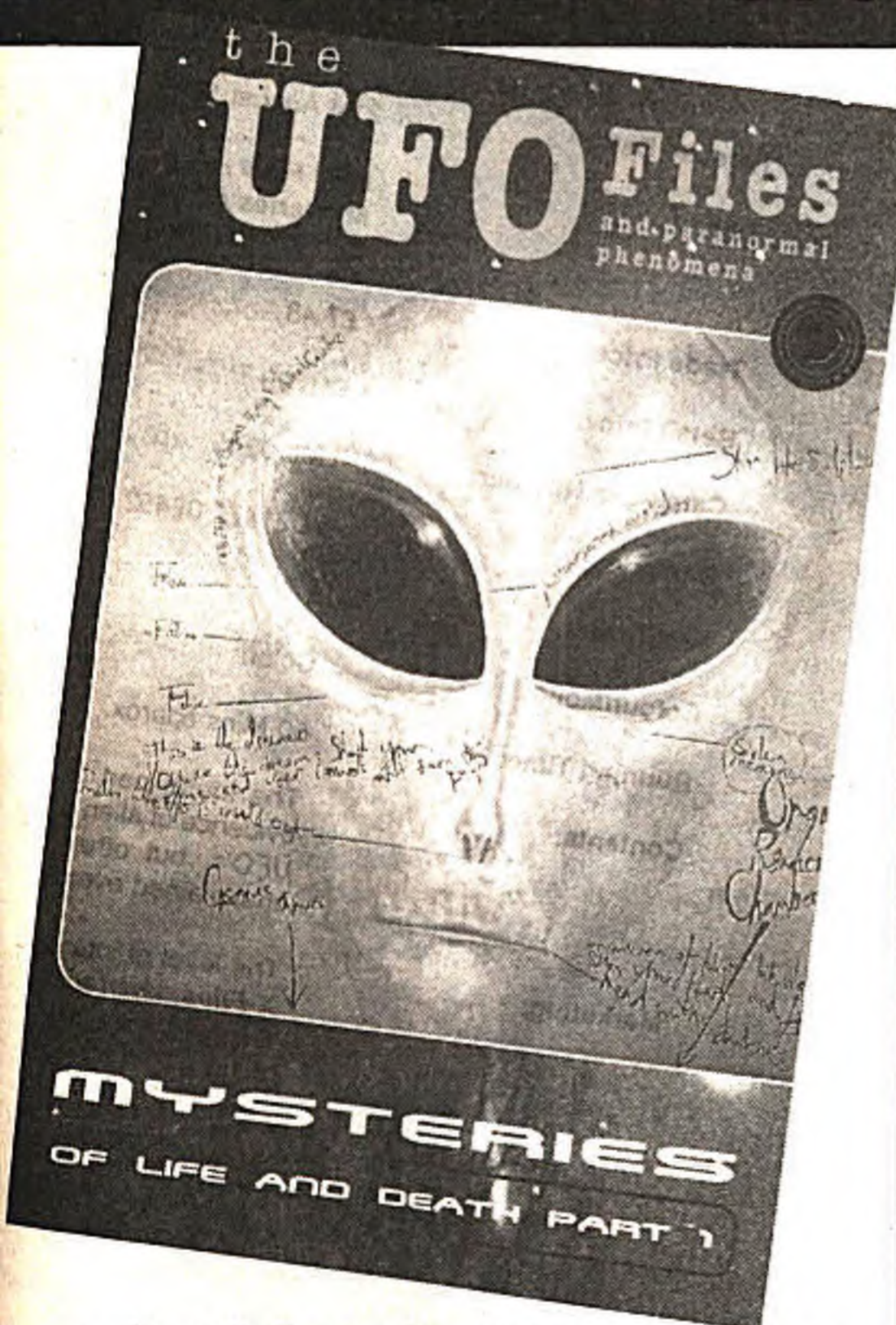
Tattoos Competition

The answer was (c) up their arses. We only

had 15 correct entries, and they are: Mr M Broomfield of Birmingham, D Newton of Sunderland, Polli Camp of Derby, Steve Ledsham of Runcorn, Bob Bartlett of Liscard Wallasey, Thomas Bradbrook of London WC1, Mark Newham of Virginia Water, D Cheshire of Berkhamsted, Brian Keefe of Oxford, Shaun Atkinson of Ovington, John Richards of Newton-le-Willows, Amanda Glover of Liverpool, Alistair Taylor of Cambridge, Peter Finch (the famous actor) of Chelmsford, and D M Marcus of Hove.

If you are a past or present winner don't worry if your prize has not arrived yet. Susan, our Prize Co-ordinator, will be in touch once she's wrestled your prizes out of the tight bastards who offered them.

to The UFO Files?



- a. Beneath the sea in the lost city of Atlantis
- b. In deepest Tibet, high in the Himalayas
- c. In the London Underground

5. In the TV show The Invaders, how could you spot the aliens?

- a. They had little feet
- b. They had small faces
- c. They had stiff little fingers

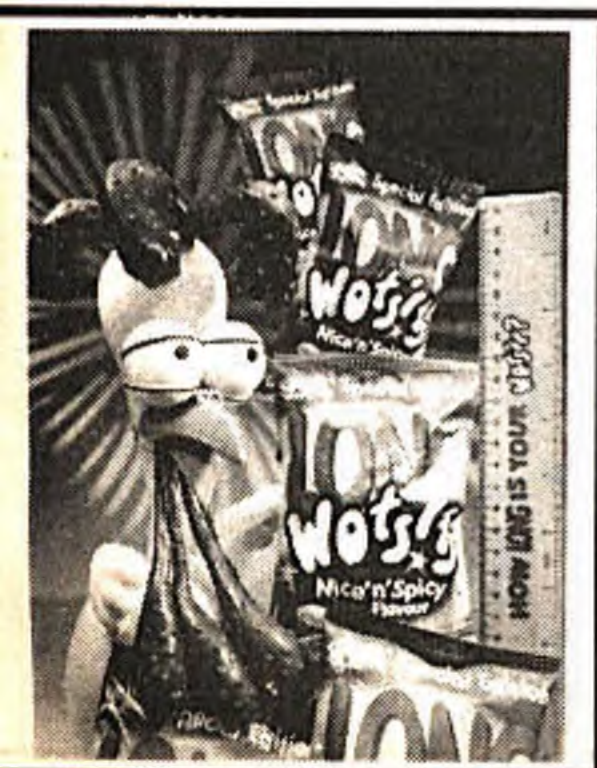
6. In Scooby Doo, who did it?

- a. A ghost
- b. Shaggy
- c. The janitor

Write your answers on a postcard marked 'Strange Mysteries of the Unknown World of the Unexplained', and hope it doesn't mysteriously vanish in the post. The first three correct entries out of the hat will win the tapes. Three runners up will each receive a years subscription to our sister publication The Fortean Times, the authoritative journal of strange phenomena.

ENTRIES

On postcards to Viz, PO Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Mark the card 'Issue 73' and don't forget to include your own name and address, plus the name of the competition. Please use separate cards for separate competitions. All winners will be notified by post.



Just the ticket!

John Otway, who was chosen to sing the Tom Jones classic 'Delilah' on the current Weetabix TV commercial, is cashing in on this latest success by playing around fifty live dates.

He's on the road from August through till late November, and in October he'll be playing support on Alexei Sayle's national tour. It's a great opportunity to catch them both live, and we're offering three pairs of tickets to Alexei's London gig to the winners of this competition.

There's a cut-out-and-keep Otwayometer on this page which lists all of Otway's appearances in the coming months. Pin it to your notice



Catch Alexei Sayle & John Otway live!

board or pop it in your purse for easy reference. The dates begin at Swansea in August and end in Chipping Norton in mid November. To win the competition we want you to find out how much it would cost to travel to every gig by train, including support slots with Alexei Sayle.

Local

Simply pop into your local railway station, or ring them up, and ask for details of trains. Start with Swansea to Putney on the morning of 4th August, and carry on jotting down times and prices of train services to take you all the way through to Chipping Norton on November 16th. If there isn't a station, ask about connecting bus services. Remember to take advantage of any Blue Saver tickets etc. that are available, and after an hour or so mention that you have a railcard. Ask for no smoking seats where possible, facing the direction of travel. When they've finished working it all out, make a note of the total cost. Then tell them you've decided to get a bus after all.



Write the total on a postcard and mark it 'Sayle & Otway Tickets'. We'll ring British Rail enquiries and check the answer. The winners will be the first three correct entries out of a hat. Each will receive two tickets to see Alexei (and John) at one of the London gigs in November.

National

For details of how to acquire John Otway's new album, and the back catalogue of Otway classics, send a SAE to John Otway Mail Order, Unit 29, The Old Silk Mill, Brook Street, Tring, Herts. HP23 5EF. Or turn up at any of his gigs.

Cut-out-and-keep

OTWAY-OMETER

Your essential pocket gig guide and gazetteer.

● INDICATES SUPPORT TO Alexei Sayle

AUGUST

Swansea Music Festival 3rd
Putney Half Moon 4th
Islington Weavers Arms 6th
Edinburgh Festival
Gilded Ballroom 24th/25th
Reading Festival 26th OR 27th

SEPTEMBER

Watford Wag & Bone 1st
South'ton Talking Heads 2nd
Putney Half Moon 3rd
Bristol Fleece & Firkin 7th
Coventry Rugby F.C. 8th
Chester Alexanders Jazz
Theatre 9th
Islington Weavers Arms 10th
Spalding
South Holland Centre 12th
Doncaster The Leopard 14th
Padbury Folk Weekend 16th
Walthamstow
Standard Music Venue 30th

OCTOBER

Stamford White Heart 1st
Portsmouth
Wedgewood Rooms 6th
● Aylesbury Civic Hall 8th
● Newcastle City Hall 10th
● Bristol Colston Hall 11th
● Cambridge
Corn Exchange 12th
Leeds Duchess of York 13th
● Oxford Apollo 14th
● Liverpool Empire 15th
● Preston Guildhall 16th
● Nottingham Royal Centre 17th
● Edinburgh Festival Th'tre 18th
● York Barbican 20th
● Wolverh'ton Civic Hall 21st
● Southampton Mayflower 22nd
● Glasgow Pavillion 24th
● Sheffield City Hall 25th
Stoke on Trent Wheatsheaf 26th
● Hull City Hall 27th
● Manchester Apollo 28th
● London Palladium 29th
● Brighton Dome 30th
● Birmingham
Symphony Hall 31st

NOVEMBER

● Plymouth Pavillions 1st
● Cardiff St Davids Hall 2nd
● Reading Hexagon 3rd
● Ipswich Regent 4th
● London (To be confirmed)
Theatre Royal Dury Lane 5th
Hammersmith Apollo 6th
St Albans Horn of Plenty 8th
Chester Telford's Ware'hs. 10th
Birmingham Hibernian 11th
Harlow The Square 12th
Chipping Norton
Chipping Norton Theatre 16th

Use the map below to plan your journey to each venue.



Collins bids for Royals

POP BILLIONAIRE Phil Collins has launched a multi twillion pound hostile bid for the Royal family.

Stock

Stock market prices for the Royals soared yesterday as news of the audacious bid spread throughout the City. Trading was brisk and the Queen closed the day up 118 points at a record 457.93.

Aitken

Collins, who now owns two thirds of all the money in the world, has built up a significant holding in Prince Charles, and has made no secret of his ambition to add the Royals to his portfolio which already includes France, the Pyramids and the sky.

Waterman

His position has been strengthened by the sale of his 80 per cent stake in pop singer Boy George. Collins snapped up his shares while the singer was at an all time low of 36p, round about the time he appeared in the 'A' Team. Optimism over his latest comeback bid has lead prices to climb to a new high of £8.60 by the close of trade yesterday.

Parker

Meanwhile Duran Duran have paid a record £10 vermillion for Adam Ant at an auction of the late Bing Crosby's effects. The Durans are looking to expand their traditional product base after their disastrous foray into garden furniture cost the group an estimated £22 million in the last financial year.

Osmoroid

Shares have been suspended after rumours that troubled Chesney Hawkes could be the target of a management buy out. Hawkes has been put for sale by his owners Anchor Butter, but no interest has been shown to date. Last night the Popsie closed up 32 points at 4098.73.

How would the stars spend

Money to b

Going up! Lunar lift for industry

BRITAIN'S industry needs a lift - quite literally - according to footballer Ryan Giggs.

The Welsh wing wizard believes building a giant lift all the way to the Moon would create jobs, and give the nation something to be proud of in the year 2000. And it turns out the sex pot Manchester United star is a budding lift engineer too!

Moon

"Not only could it go up to the Moon, but it could also go down to Australia", he told us, enthusiastically sketching his ideas on the back of an envelope. "It would need three buttons. The top one for the Moon, the middle one for England, and a bottom one for Australia", he explained. "The doors would open automatically, but you could have an extra button I suppose, to keep them open".

Baker

"The only problem is that the lift would be upside down when it got to Australia. Maybe it would have to sort of revolve or spin or something in the middle of the world. I'm

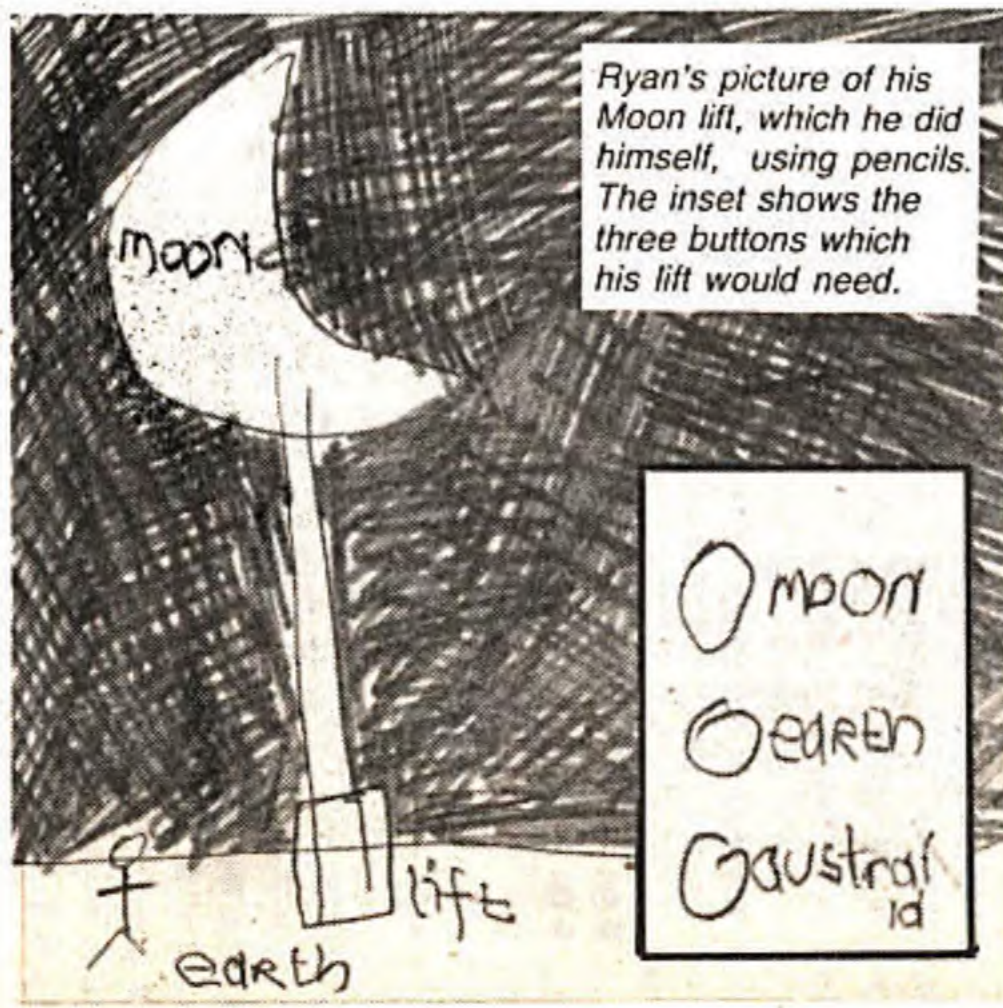


Giggs - going up in the world of engineering

not sure. I was never very good at Geography".

Bonham

Builder Michael Patterson, of Whitley Bay, said pricing a lift to the moon would be difficult. "There'd be a lot of materials involved. If Ryan could supply those, I'd be happy to get on with the job and bill him weekly for my time. But if he's looking for a fixed price, I'll have to go high to cover myself. You're talking one or two million. Although I could do it cheaper, for cash", he told us.



Britain's Millennium Committee have got a problem most of us could only dream of. How to spend over a million trillion fillion pounds in only four years!

The Committee was set up by the Government to organise a big party to celebrate the turn of the Century. The original plan was to buy lots of drink and hire a disco, but so much money has been raised from selling lottery tickets the committee have found themselves with millennium millions to spare! And their headache now is how to off load the lottery lolly, thought to total well over a zillion, squillion pounds.

Billions to be blown by the year 2000

Various planning authorities, councils and other organisations have put forward ambitious proposals for burning the bunce. The most spectacular plan is for a giant fairground wheel overlooking the Thames

Fanny fit for a King

IT was the wonder of the age when it was opened by King George VI in 1928. But after years of neglect the Queen Mother's fanny has fallen into disrepair.

Now semi-derelict, weedy and overgrown, it would cost a fortune to restore to its former glory.

But that fortune would be millennium money well spent, according to former bus conductor Matt Monro. For Matt, whose hits included the Bond theme 'From Russia With Love', would quite literally love to see the Royal fanny fully restored in time for the turn of the century.



HRH Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother

Watts

Sadly very little remains of the original which was last glimpsed by the public at the Royal Festival of Britain in 1951. However copies of the original plans are thought to exist in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and Matt believes using those the fanny could be recreated exactly as it was, accurate in every detail.

Amps

"There are still craftsmen who could carry out the restoration work using traditional techniques", Matt told us from his home in Iceland where he

now lives in an igloo with his Eskimo wife. "Cher's fanny was totally revamped recently, and it took a team of twenty specialist craftsmen over three years to complete the job. But if the Queen Mother's fanny were restored and opened to the general public, think how many ordinary people would derive pleasure from it", he told us.

Volts

Unfortunately none of the hairdressers we approached to discuss this scheme were prepared to comment.

the Millenium millions?

urn!

Pie in the sky at night?

ASTROLOGER Patrick Moore has a very special interest in the millennium celebrations.

For on January 1st 2000 he will be celebrating his 148th birthday. And rather than a cake with candles on it, he is hoping for a brand new planet to look at through his telescope, to be named Planet Millennium 2000.

Boggle

The boggle eyed boffin believes a new planet the size of Pluto could be added to our Solar System simply by folding up all the world's old newspapers, wetting them, and rolling them into a giant ball. "If we all collected our old papers we'd soon have enough to roll into a big new planet", he enthused.

Arse

"We could launch it into space on a giant rocket made out of a school dust-

bin filled with dynamite, with a telegraph pole in it for a stick.

Instead of a milk bottle Mower suggests the rocket could be launched from a giant chimney, like those found at power stations in Yorkshire. "The blast would be so big we'd have to count to 100 backwards before we lit the fuse, to allow everyone time to get away. The explosion would be big enough to send the new planet way up into space, about 500 miles or so above Earth. About half way between the Moon and Mars".



Patrick Moore yesterday

A spokesman for British Aerospace confirmed that the plan would work. "A whole giant bin full of dynamite would certainly get the planet into space", he told us. "But if it got too near the sun it would catch fire. That's the only problem".

What's the verdict?

BUSINESSMAN Sir Winyard Hall is one of the Millennium Committee members whose task it is to piss vast amounts of the lottery proceeds spectacularly high up the wall by the year 2000. And he was impressed by the ideas our star guests put forward.

Smiffy

"I like Ryan's idea of a moon lift. It's original and distinguished. Nobody has ever built one before. Ryan has obviously put a lot of thought into it. And his drawings are very good too", said Sir John.



Sir Winyard Hall

"But I'm not so sure about Anita's motorcycle pyramid. Having that many homeless people in one place at a time might cause problems with local residents", he warned. "And the problem with Patrick's planet is that it simply wouldn't cost enough. All that re-cycled paper would be free. Really its the vastly expensive projects we're looking for."

Spotty

"My first choice has got to be the late Sir Winston Churchill's game of British Bulldog. It's a very exciting prospect indeed. It would get all sixty million of us physically involved in the celebrations, and even if the average person only manages to get across the country four or five times before being caught, it'll still get rid of three pillion squillion pounds in prize money alone". Sir Winyard refused to say anything about the Queen Mum's fanny.

Homeless should get on their bikes!

Anita Roddick made her millions making make-up out of cucumbers. And she'd be only too happy to spend the millennium millions buying bikes for the homeless!

The Body Shop billionaire believes Britain's homeless people should be encouraged to form a giant motorcycle pyramid. "It would give them something to do, a focus for their energy", she told us. "And if successful the homeless people would all get their names in the Guinness Book of Records". "Britain has an estimated 27,000 homeless, however only the people on the bottom row would be riding a motorcycle. The rest would be standing on each other's shoulders."

Anita had already done her homework. "I think we'd need about 11,000 bikes in all. So apart from anything it would help provide a much needed boost for Britain's ailing motorbike industry", she told us.

We rang Ken's Motorcycles of Westgate Road, Newcastle who told us that 11,000 motorbikes would cost around £30 million - "I might be able to get you a discount on 11,000", we were told. "But it would take a few months to get them in stock."



A motorcycle pyramid yesterday. Note how only the people at the bottom have motorbikes.

'We'll fight them on the Pennines'

DEAD former Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill has a patriotic plan to involve the whole nation in the millennium celebrations.

"I think everybody in Britain should take part in a giant game of 'British Bulldog'", he told us. "Everyone on the island would line up along the East coast, and would then have to run across to the West. There would be one person standing in the middle, somewhere on the Pennine Way probably, who would have to try and stop them by wrestling them to the ground. Anyone he caught would have to join him in the middle. Every time the population ran across the country, more people would get caught, making it harder and harder for the remaining people to get across."

Man

Sir Winston suggested a system of cash prizes to help fritter the millennium millions. "We could pay people prize money based on the number of successful crossings they made", he



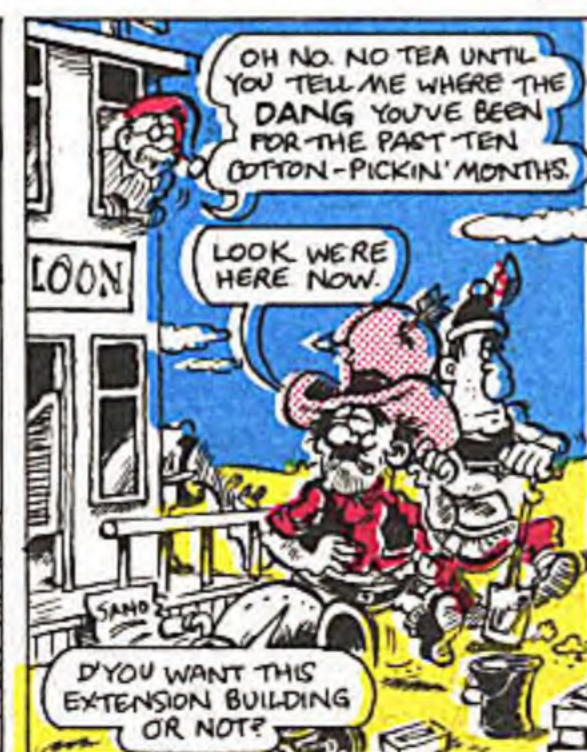
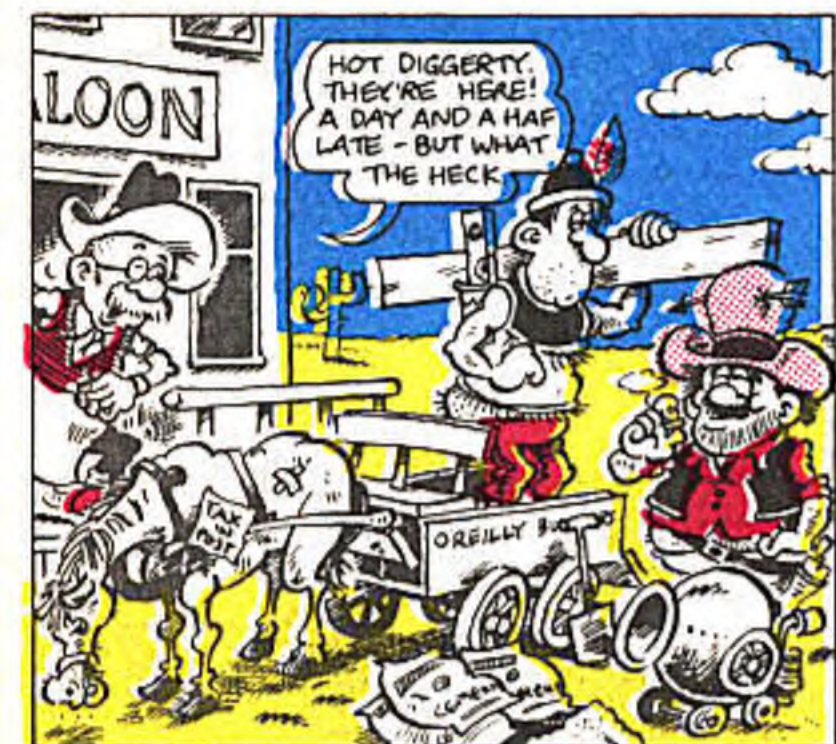
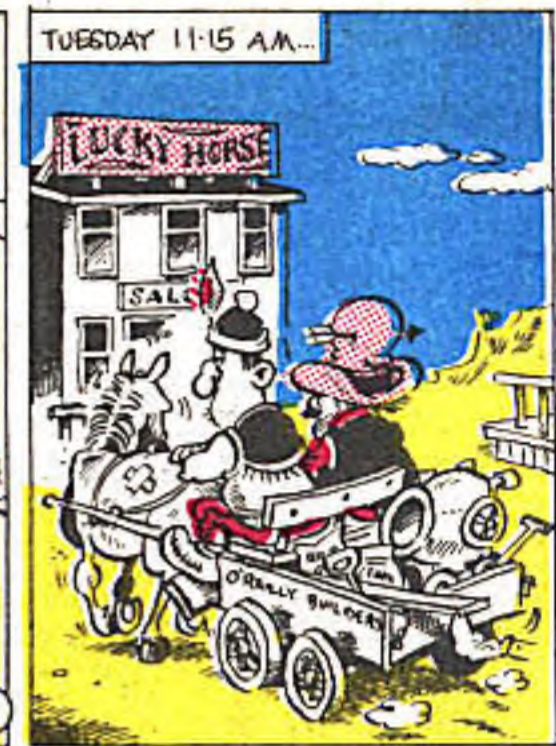
Winston Churchill pictured prior to when he died

said. "£5 per person for every time they cross the country. Would that be enough? I don't know. I've been dead since 1963."

Plug

Heritage Minister Ian Sproat, the man behind John Major's 'Sporting Academy of Britain' plan, was all in favour of Sir Winston's scheme. "I think its a dead good idea what Winston has just said", he told us last night. "Competition is really healthy and good for you, just like exercises", he added.

COWBOY BUILDER



Join us for a journey on the information superhighway of love

Nothing lasts forever. As technology drives us forward, many of the things we love are left by the roadside. Perhaps one day soon sex itself will be superseded, by...



'LOVE on the INTERNET'

FANCY A DRINK ON THE WAY HOME DENISE?

NO THANKS ANNA. I'M WORKING LATE TONIGHT.

AGAIN?! COME ON DENISE. YOU'LL NEVER MEET MISTER RIGHT IF YOU DON'T MAKE SOME EFFORT.

LOOK, I SAID NO. I HAVE TO FINISH THIS REPORT, OKAY?

I KNOW WHAT IT IS DENISE. YOU DON'T FANCY MEN, DO YOU?

WHAT?!

YOU'RE IN LOVE ALRIGHT...

...WITH THAT COMPUTER OF YOURS!

HA! THE SILLY TART. LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW I'VE ALREADY FOUND MY MR RIGHT...


... ON THE INTERNET!

Every evening Denise switched herself onto the Internet, and within seconds a message was flashed onto a million computers all around the world...

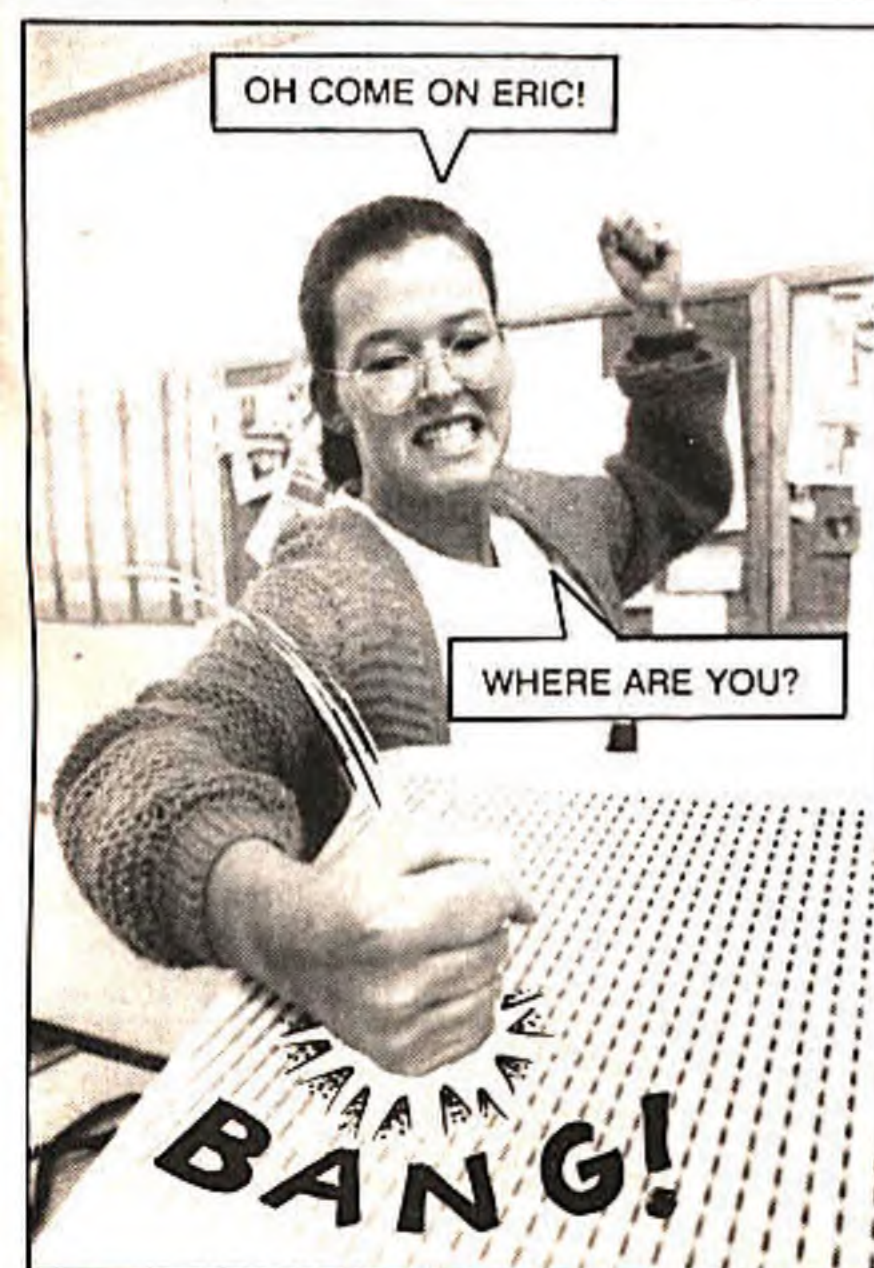
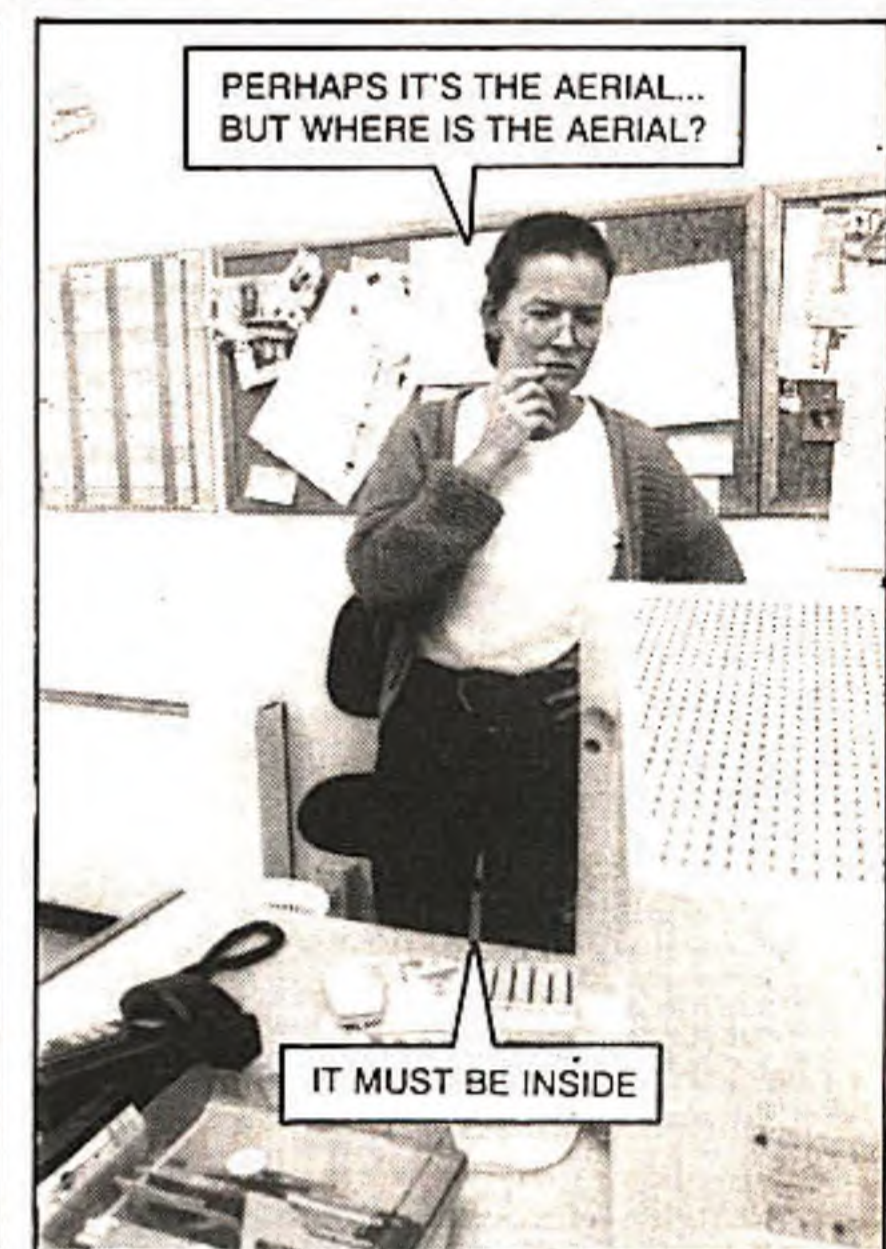
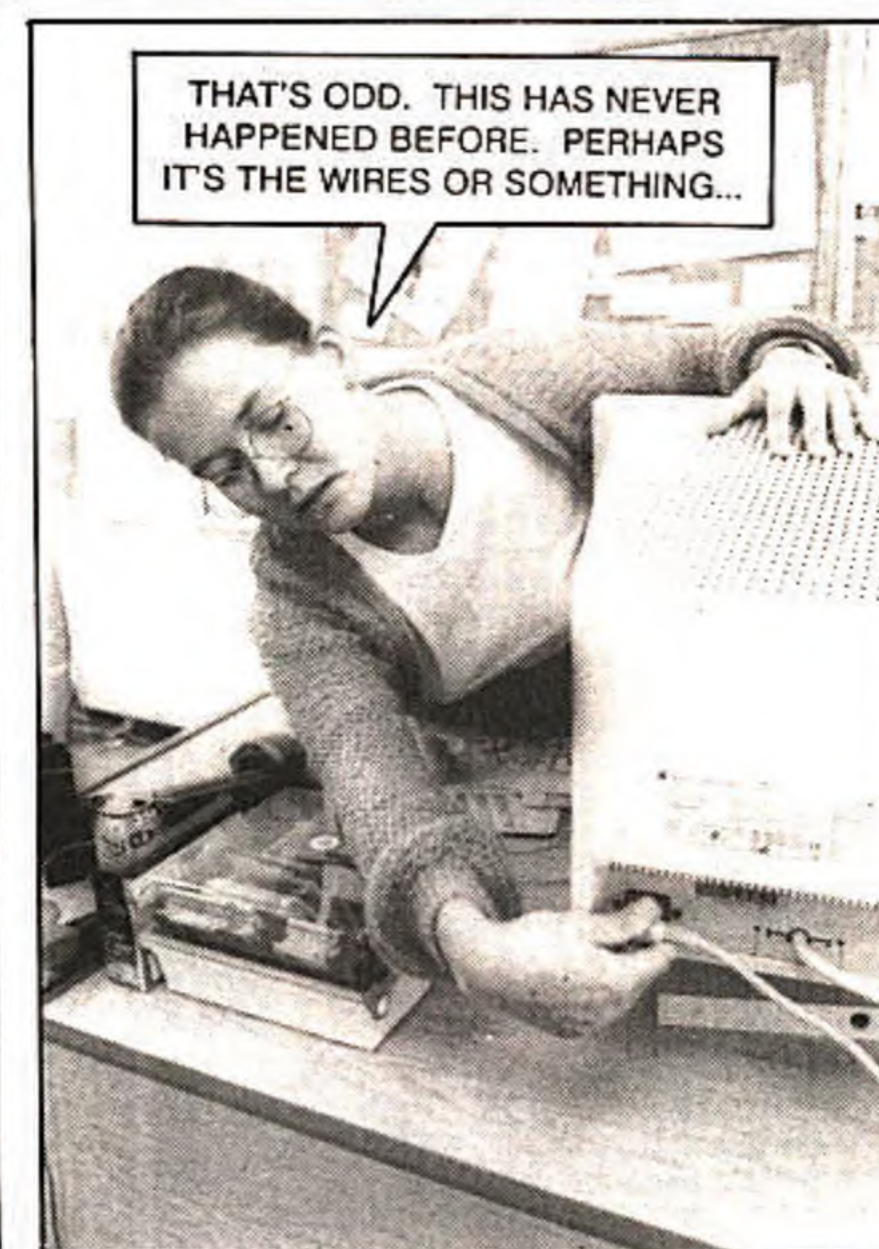
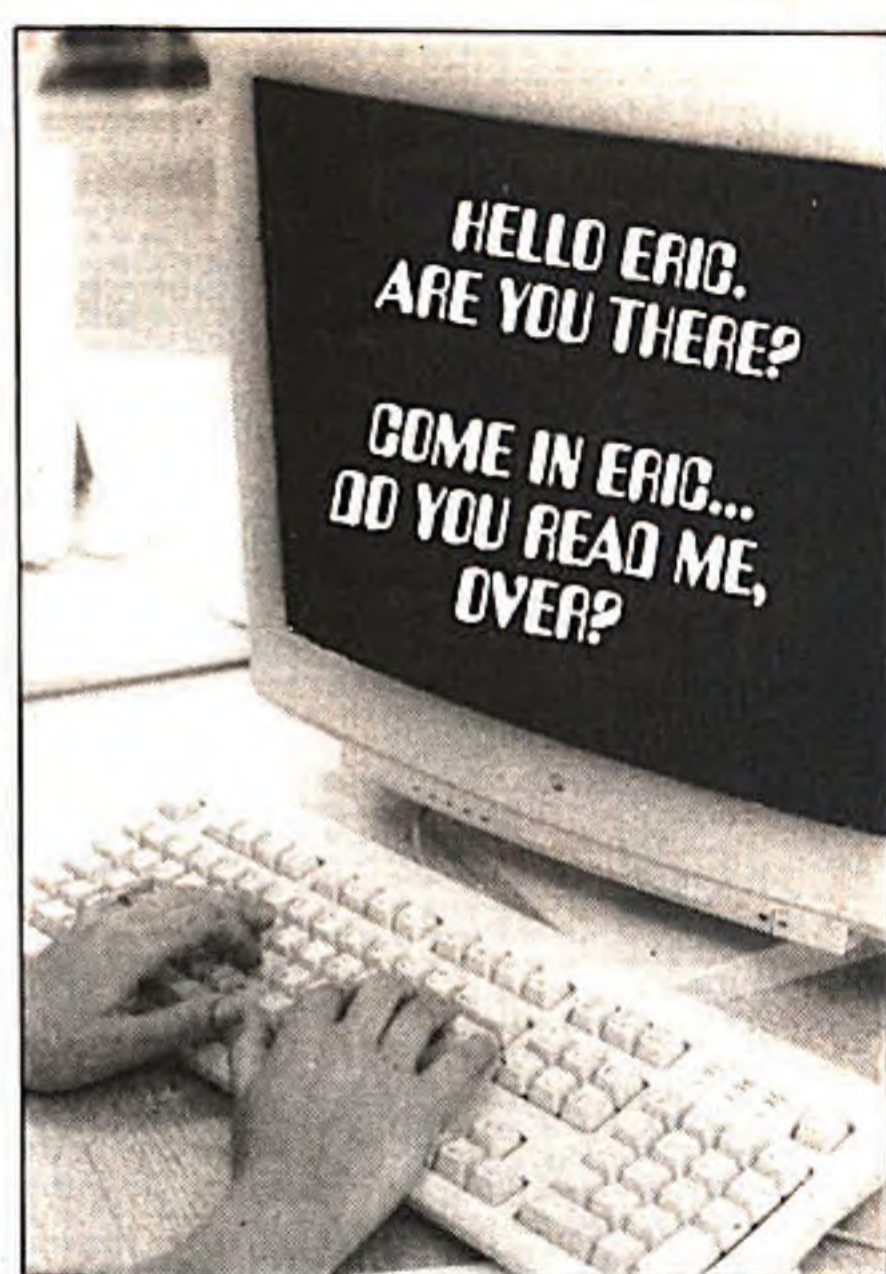
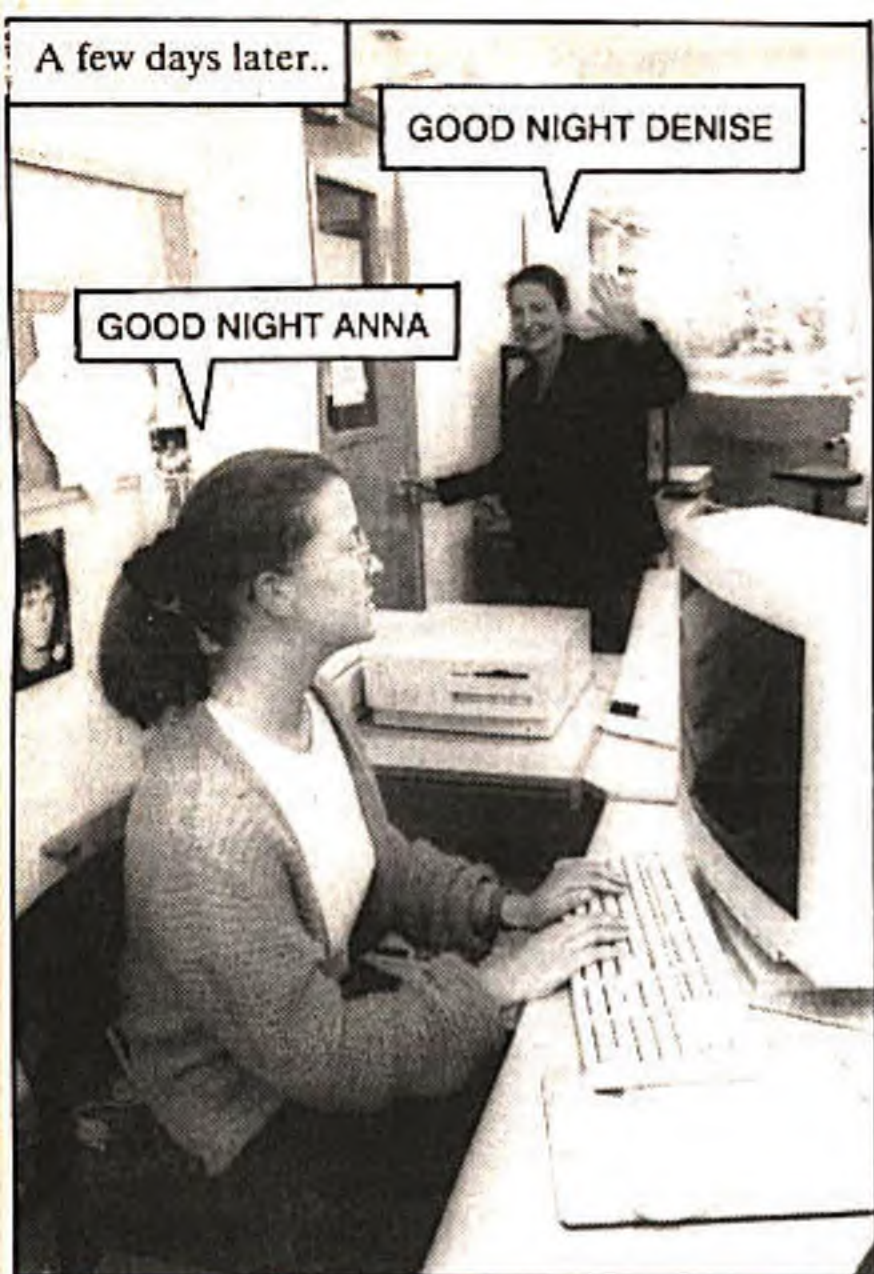
Every evening without fail there came the same reply...

HOORAY! HE'S THERE AGAIN!

HELLO DENISE. THIS IS ERIC HERE. READING YOU LOUD AND CLEAR, OVER.



For somewhere out there along the millions of miles of modems, Denise had found a mystery soul mate. And every night the couple whiled away the hours exchanging electronic messages of love



ERIC... IT'S YOU!

YES DENISE. I CAME ON THE INTERNET. WORDS ON A COMPUTER SCREEN WERE NOT ENOUGH. I HAD TO SEE YOU. I HAD TO COME.

OH ERIC... I CAN FEEL YOU, TOUCH YOU AT LAST! YOU'RE REAL!

NO DENISE...

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU MUST KNOW.

WHAT? IS SOMETHING THE MATTER? WHAT IS IT ERIC?

I'M **NOT** REAL DENISE. YOU CAN NEVER TRULY LOVE ME...

BUT WHY? WHAT DO YOU MEAN ERIC?

THIS ISN'T FLESH AND BLOOD DENISE. IT'S A COMPUTER GENERATED IMAGE. I'M NOT A MAN...

I'M A **VIRTUAL REALITY ROBOT.**

SEE THIS WIRE. IT'S ALL THAT KEEPS ME ALIVE. I'M NO MORE HUMAN THAN A LIGHT BULB.

YOU MAY NOT BE REAL, ERIC.

BUT I **DO** LOVE YOU. AND I ALWAYS WILL. OUR COMPUTER GENERATED LOVE WILL LAST FOREVER

OH! PARDON ME. AM I INTERRUPTING SOMETHING?

ANNA? I THOUGHT YOU'D LEFT.

I JUST POPPED BACK TO GET MY BAG. MY! AND WHO IS THIS?

THIS IS ERIC...HE'S AN...ERM...FRIEND

WELL, I'D BETTER LEAVE YOU TWO FRIENDS TO GET ON WITH YOUR WORK, EH? I'LL JUST GET MY BAG, WHICH I FORGOT EARLIER

THERE IT IS, OVER THERE, JUST BEYOND ERIC'S LEG...

AGH! I'M TRIPPING ON SOMETHING...

NO!!!!

YANK!

WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE DID ERIC GO?

YOU PULLED HIS PLUG OUT... AND NOW HE'S GONE

AH WELL. I'LL BE OFF NOW. BYE.

THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT OF HIM... A FLOPPY DISC!

Denise scrambled to her desk, grasping the disc in her hand....

PLEASE DON'T GO ERIC... TALK TO ME, PLEASE. JUST ONE LAST TIME.

But for Denise, electronic love was not to be.

SORRY.
DISQ NOT COMPATIBLE.
MEMORY ERASED.

